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PHILIP ARMYTAGE; OR, THE BLIND GIRL'S LOVE.

"A child most infantine,
Yet wandering far beyond that innocent age
In all but its sweet looks and mien divine."—SHELLEY.

It was morning—beautiful morning—in that fairest season of the year—

"When April has wept itself to May."

Earth awoke from her winter sleep, fresh and glorious and young, as if it were but a day since she bore on her bosom Adam and Eve, and shed around them the flowers, and breezes, and sunshine of Eden. Beautiful looked the Eternal Mother, in her ever-renewed youth, over which the change, and misery, and crime of six thousand years have passed like a shadow, and left no trace.

There is no glamor like that of the pen; and it has this surpassing spell, that the magic extends also to the one who wields the charm. Let us, therefore, in this wet and gloomy day, when a heavy mist hangs like a shroud over the dreary city—when under our window sound the plashing foot-falls of tired passers by, and the incessant rattle of vehicles—let us, amidst all this, call up to our mind's eye the scene where our story begins, and linger fondly over that beautiful spot, in the delineation of which memory strives with imagination.

It was the breakfast-room of a house that stood alone on a hill side—one of those stately mansions that are found in England, far in the country, where generation after generation of the old families of the gentry are born, live, and die; father, son, and grandson occupying, in their turn, the same abode, and descending to the same ancient stone monument hard by. Cheerfully came the warm morning sun into the room, not stealthily, as in early spring, but with a glad overflow of light and warmth, brightening even the solemn oak furniture, and contending bravely with the tiny fire that was lit through habit, until it fairly put out its puny antagonist, and reigned supreme. The long low windows, on one side, opened on a formal, dainty little flower-garden, and then, winding through a smooth lawn, lay a narrow walk that led into the forest, on whose borders the house lay. In three minutes one might pass into that beautiful wood, wild as if man's foot had never entered it, and alive with the melodies of leaves quivering in the morning breezes. The tender green of the thorn mingled with the dark holly, that here vied even with the oak in size and grandeur; the primroses looking out smiling from the roots of the old trees; and large beds of the wood anemone, or wind-flower, seemed like a white, wavy mantle cast over the long grass, in recesses so thick that not a stray sunbeam could pierce through. The loud songs of the birds reached even to the house, like a flood of aerial music; the ringing carol of the lark, the deep note of the thrush, the silvery warble of the linnet, and the soft coo of the wood-dove, all mingling in sweet harmony.

Listening eagerly, with up-turned face, that did not shrink even from the broad dazzling sunlight,

sat a little girl beside the open window. Her soft hair falling in curls, that prettiest fashion for a child, was of that hue which a gleam of sunshine changes into gold; her head was turned aside; but her attitude was full of childish grace, with the little hands crossed on her knee, motionless, in silent thought. Opposite to her was a boy—her twin-brother—a taller and bolder model of herself; sitting carelessly on the floor; he was busily carving the top of a hazel wand. Boy-like, he whistled merrily over his work, and looked so happy and handsome, with his sunny curls, like his sister's, hanging over a face that still preserved the round curves of childhood, his deep blue eyes shaded by dark, heavy lashes, and the perfect classic profile of his mouth and chin, over which smiles were ever dimpling. With these young creatures, as with the earth, it was the spring of life—to them it was beautiful, hopeful, joyous morning.

The mother entered—a sweet, delicate-looking woman, fragile and graceful, in her robe of pure white; and then the father came in, like a shadow after sunshine. He was a tall man, of middle age; but the sharp lines about his mouth, and a crown entirely bald, gave him the appearance of being much older. Yet, not a single gray hair mingled with the thick brown locks at the back of his head, and his form was unbent. His cold, clear blue eyes gleamed from under-hanging brows, and his noble forehead was full of intellect. He looked like a man in whom mind held a preëminence over heart. The little ones timidly advanced towards him.

"Why, Edmund—Stella—early this morning!" he said, and stooped mechanically to kiss them, while a smile like winter sunshine just bent his lips. Edmund, the boldest, and the favorite, stayed to show his wonderful wood-carving to his father, with boyish pride; but little Stella crept along by the table, and nestled beside her mother's knee.

"What has my little girl been doing?" said Mrs. Brandreth, twining her fingers in the long silken hair.

"I have been listening to the birds, mamma, and feeling the sunshine, it is so warm and pleasant."

A light sigh heaved the mother's bosom.

"That is well; I like to see my darling happy and gay," she answered tremulously.

And now came the pleasant breakfast hour—the pleasantest meal of all to country-dwellers, and visitants. How cheerful, and fresh, and blithe all look; how welcome is the balmy morning air; nay, to descend to common things, how fragrantly rises up the steam of coffee, and how grateful both to sight and taste are the country viands—snowy new-laid eggs, and golden butter, and cream—rich and luscious as nectar. Commend us to a country breakfast. Who could come down with sour looks, and bitter speeches, on a sunny morning, and not feel all the hardness and ill-temper melt away from his heart beneath its influence?

Merrily the children laughed and talked, making, at times, even the sedate father look up from his reading, and winning the gentle mother to smiles less pensive than ordinary. At last Mr. Brandreth collected his papers, and laid them carefully aside; he was a learned man, wise in geology and natural

philosophy, and always devoted the breakfast-hour to the re-perusal and arrangement of his lucubrations. The twins received the signal to retire, and Edmund hastily rose, while Stella moved slowly from her seat. As she passed, her stretched out arms, by which she guided her steps, came in contact with the heap of papers so carefully arranged, and they fell in confusion on the floor. Mr. Brandreth started up angrily—

"Careless child—always doing some mischief or other," he said, and thrust Stella rudely away. The child fell, and began to weep—not loudly as most children—but with the silent tears of advanced life. The mother took her to her bosom, and soothed her.

"Do take the child away—Marian," said Mr. Brandreth, in a vexed tone, "she annoys one so much."

Mrs. Brandreth looked with meek reproach at her husband—"Hush, hush—you forget," she answered, imploringly, still pressing her little girl closer to her bosom, where the tears at last ceased. Stella walked, or rather crept, to her father's knee, and said, gently—

"Papa, I did not mean to do harm. Forgive poor Stella—she is blind!"

It was so—there was no light in those large, blue, limpid eyes, that were lifted so meekly to the father's face. Six years had the little child looked on the beautiful sky, and seen the flowers, and then a shadow grew over her vision; gradually it darkened and darkened, and the world grew dimmer, until, at last, she saw it no more. Now, all the visible earth was become to her like a scene once beheld in a dream, and then shut out forever. Yet, but for an uneasy wandering of the eyes, no one could have told that those beautiful blue orbs were sightless. The sweet face wore, at times, that peculiar mournful look which the blind always have, but this was the only outward token of the affliction which had fallen upon her. Affliction it could hardly be called, for the child scarcely felt it as such; her blindness had come on so gradually, that Stella had become accustomed to her helpless condition. And, besides, from her very infancy the child had been quiet and thoughtful, caring little for the sports attractive to her age; as if with a fore-shadowing of how soon she was to be deprived of them. Gentle and subdued she was, as became her helpless condition; it seemed as if He, who knew how dependent her whole life must be on the affection of others, had endowed her with that irresistible beauty which wins love, and the meek spirit which preserves it.

But now Stella hardly felt her darkness, so illuminated was it by the light of a mother's love. More than her own life, more than her handsome frank-hearted boy—nay, more even than the husband of her youth, did Mrs. Brandreth cling to her blind child; with a passionate fervor, an all-absorbing love, that atoned to Stella for the loss of the blessed gift of sight. Perhaps her own delicate health made this love more intense, from the feeling that she would not always be with her darling, to cherish her in her heart's core, and shield her there from all contact with the rough world which the poor stricken one was so ill fitted to brave.

The mother knew well that every year which unfolded, in new beauty, Stella's mind and person, drew her own life nearer towards its close. At last, when Stella and Edmund still lingered on the verge of childhood, the mother was called away. Gently, not rudely, came the summons, and yet it

was sudden—just as an autumn leaf flutters and flutters until it drops at once and is seen no more.

Thus did Mrs. Brandreth die—even before her husband, who, all-unconscious of danger, was on a journey, could reach his home, the wife whom he had sincerely loved, though hardly with the tenderness meet for her gentle nature, had passed away. So swiftly came the angel of death, that the mother had hardly time to bless her two babes, and commend poor Stella to her brother's care, in a charge that lingered on the boy's memory from youth to old age. Then, worn out with pain, she kept silence, and lay with closed eyes, still holding fast the little hands of her daughter, the thought of whose desolation troubled her spirit, even on the threshold of paradise. It was night, and the wearied child laid her head on the pillow and slept. Mrs. Brandreth's elder sister and tender nurse wished to remove her, but the mother would not suffer it.

"Do not wake her," she whispered, faintly—"let my darling sleep—I have kissed her and said good-night—a long good-night—until comes the eternal morning; let her sleep." * * * *

No more words passed through those white lips. Once or twice the eyes opened and rested lovingly, lingeringly on the face of the sleeping child; then they closed forever! When morning came, another spirit had entered the gates of heaven. Silently, and without tears, the sister unclosed Stella's warm fingers from those that stiffened round them, and bore her away, still sleeping.

Wildly and resolutely the child strove to return to her mother. Her darkened eyes could not see the change of death, therefore she did not believe in its reality. An hour before she had heard the voice, had felt the hand; both were the same, though feeble; she could not comprehend that one short sleep had parted her mother from her. So clinging to her twin-brother, Stella came and stood by the dead; she called, but there was no answer.

"Where is she, where is she?" cried the despairing child.

Edmund guided his sister's hand to the fingers that had held hers while life lasted; their marble coldness made her start, and cling, trembling, to her brother's neck.

"Edmund—I cannot see—tell me how she looks," fearfully whispered Stella.

"White—still—with closed eyes and parted lips—oh, mother! mother! it is not you!" and the boy burst into tears.

"No, my children," said the sister of Mrs. Brandreth, who stood behind them. "Edmund—Stella—I will tell you what she is now—a white-robed, glorious angel at the footstool of God's throne—a voice forever singing his praise—a spirit pure and perfect, though we know not what form she bears in heaven, save that it is in God's image, and must be beautiful."

And in the stillness of the death-chamber that pious and gentle woman drew the orphans of her dead sister to her side and read aloud from the Holy Book, the words that speak of the immortality of the soul, and the state of the blessed in heaven; words so simple, that childhood finds in them no mystery hard to be understood—so sublime, that the gray-haired philosopher may feel his heart glow with the consciousness that he bears within his frail mortal frame a spirit that can never know death!

The children listened, standing beside the clay of their mother; yet even then they thought of her no longer as dead on earth, but as rejoicing in heaven.

CHAPTER II.

"Are we not formed, as notes of music are,
For one another, though dissimilar?
Such difference without discord as can make
Those sweetest sounds in which all spirits shake,
As trembling leaves in a continuous air."—SHELLEY.

FROM the time of her mother's death, Stella drooped and pined. The world had grown all dark to the motherless child. Her wild brother, and her cold, reserved father, alike strove to soften their natures and show tenderness to the helpless one; but man is so different to woman, and all their kindness atoned not for the love of her who was gone. Edmund remembered well his mother's dying injunction, and many a time he left the field sports, of which he was so passionately fond, to come and talk with his sister, and lead her into the beautiful forest, where she could hear the birds' songs and be made glad with the gladness of nature. But nothing could altogether remove the perpetual sadness which now darkened the face of the blind girl. Excluded from the pleasures of childhood, hers passed away like a sorrowful dream. She grew up, living within herself, in a world of her own imagining, over which death hung, like an eternal shadow, a mysterious woe which she could not fathom, and which yet haunted her like a spectre. The remembered touch of that icy hand made her shudder in her dreams; it was all she knew of the great change. Her mind, undiverted from the past by any charms of the present, became dead to all outward impressions, and alive only to imagination, and most of all to memory.

Thus, in this dreamy state of mind, the blind girl insensibly passed from childhood into girlhood. She had attained the age of which poets write as sweetest of all, when the bud is just opening into a flower, and life is in its hopeful spring. How little do these said poets know that this is the saddest age of all. What woman would ever wish to be again "sweet sixteen?" Childhood's life is a never-ending present, a contented dwelling on what is best and pleasantest *now*, without memory to sharpen the past, or anxiety to darken the future. But with youth, soon—oh, how soon! comes the thirst for something more—the bitter, unsatisfied yearning after vague happiness, some glorious ideal of human felicity, the same in all, yet varied in form, according to the different minds in which it abides. One dreams of wealth, another of gayety, another—alas for her!—of love; and so the young creatures go on restlessly seeking to fathom their newly-awakened thoughts and feelings; and, knowing not their own hearts, nor yet life, they wander about, blindly dazzled or groping in darkness, until the waking comes from that troubled dream, and they enter on the reality, the true life of heart and soul, for which woman was made.

Stella entered upon girlhood with few or none of the buoyant hopes of most young maidens. She saw not beauty, and love was to her only a name that brought to her the memory of her mother—the sole love she had ever known. Always thoughtful, she lived more than ever within the dark chambers of her own soul—her only world. But that world now became peopled with deeper and wilder fancies; every day new chords were touched in her heart, the mysterious harmonies of which she could scarcely understand. She loved to be alone; in winter she listened to the wind until she almost fancied it talked with her; in summer, she sat for hours in the still, silent sunshine, and thought of heaven, of the time when she should go thither,

and see her mother, with eyes no longer darkened. Then a warble—a perfume would bring back the dreaming girl to earth, and she would think how sweet the world must be to others, and droop her head, and weep that she was blind.

One gift atoned to Stella, in some measure, for the loss of sight, and that was, a soul to which music was as its very breath. Her voice had those deep, low tones that thrill from the heart to the heart; not a clear, musical, gladsome warble, but a voice that spoke of mind, of feeling, of passion, such as came from no angel's lips, but from a woman's heart. We once heard, and from one too who spoke and thought well, the saying—"One must always love a woman who sings sweetly;" and Stella's was a voice not to be admired, perhaps, but to be loved, as coming from a heart as pure and beautiful and sincere as itself. But now this lovely voice was only to her as the means whereby she poured out that overflowing heart in a river of melody; sitting, Ophelia-like, for hours and hours chanting "snatches of old songs" and running her fingers over that sweetest of home friends, the fire-side piano, in harmonious revealings. And when, day by day, the vague sadness of aimless and unsatisfied youth grew upon her, the blind girl still clung to her ever mournful strains, that made her feel less the weight of her solitude.

There are in life crises, distinct and vivid, on which we can look back and feel that they have colored our whole destiny; can say, but for that one year—one week—one day, how different would all have been. Silently, unconsciously are we swept on towards these moments, which lie like hills, placed here and there, from whose top we can see our whole life, like a panorama, stretched out before us; and know that but for such and such events we should not have felt and been as we are. Chance, fatality, are the words on the lips of the wise proud man, in explanation of this; but the humble, loving spirit looks higher for the unveiling of these marvels which pass worldly wisdom.

Thus, nearer and nearer came the blind girl to the boundary of that golden shadow which overhangs human life, and ever has done so since the time when the first created one wooed the mother of all men, in the twilight of paradise. Once, and once only, can come this sunny cloud over mortal life. Man may love twice, thrice—nay, even woman's constancy may know the freshness of early fancy, or the calm peace of healed affections; but, be it first or last, every man and woman has, or has had, some love supreme to which all others are as nothing. And this is the immortality of love; falsehood, or death, or change, may intervene; the wounded heart may be healed, the fickle vow forgotten in other and higher ones, but no other feelings can ever be exactly the same. It is the idealization of love, which happens but once in a lifetime, and which each young life that enters earth renews in itself, thus making an ever fresh eternity of love.

Some inexplicable whim allured the retired and studious Mr. Brandreth from his home; and he set off to travel on the continent, taking with him his daughter. Wearily did the blind girl ask to be left in peace with her birds and flowers, and heavily and fearfully did she look forward to entering on a world that could bring her nought but pain. Stella did not know that the silken thread of her destiny was insensibly drawing her towards him who was to lighten its burthen, and make all joy and sunshine to her. Thus it was that she met him.

As a man of science and learning, Mr. Brandreth had the entrée everywhere among the gifted, and the patrons of such. Thither he also carried his blind daughter, perhaps because he thought to please her, for he was a kind father, in the main, and perhaps because he liked to see many eyes resting with admiration on the beautiful English girl, and to hear praises of her glorious voice. Rarely was it that Stella suffered this gift to be shown forth; but, on one night, wearied of herself, of solitude, of society, she gave way to her feelings, and sang, with her whole soul in the music.

"Who is she who sang?" said a clear, low-toned, manly voice, whose pleasant English tones ran through the Babel of French, Italian, and German tongues that filled the saloon, and pierced to the acute ears of the blind girl. The answer was inaudible to her, but then she heard the same pleasant voice again, in tones that were much fainter, and had a mournful emphasis.

"Poor girl—poor girl—I had a sister who was blind."

A deep crimson flushed Stella's cheek, for she was ever sensitive on the subject of her misfortune; but that sweet and compassionate voice healed where it wounded.

As she left the piano, the blind girl felt her hand taken by that of a stranger, and a gentle "Suffer me to lead you," fell on her ear, in the same voice to which she had listened before. Ere they could find Mr. Brandreth, the stranger had time to ask and claim pardon, as a countryman, for thus addressing one unknown; and by declaring his name, and speaking of some mutual friends, he won upon even the reserved father. All that evening, Philip Armytage sat by the side of the blind girl, who felt her heart warm to the sound of an English voice in that far land. And his was so sweet, and, when he spoke to her, had such a pitying softness, as if he thought of the sister he had mentioned. No wonder that when sleep came over poor Stella's dimmed eyes, that voice haunted her in her dreams.

Philip Armytage was that darling hero of novelists, that Pariah of real life—a poor gentleman. Heir to an old uncle, who *would* marry and thwart the hopes of the nephew he had educated with all the luxuries and expectations of wealth, young Armytage, at twenty-five, was thrown like a stray sea-weed on the ocean of the world, with manners, mind, and education that only made him feel more keenly his changed position. He experienced to the full how differently the world looks on a baronet's heir and a nobleman's secretary; even the fine gentlemanly bearing and richly-gifted mind, which could not be taken away from him, were almost thought to add to the category of his imperfections now.

Under the influence of these changed fortunes, Philip Armytage ought, in order to become a true novel hero, to have grown cold, sarcastic, haughty, misanthropic; but he very wisely did no such thing. A good mother—that guardian angel of a boy's life—had better trained her fatherless and only son. Philip's mind and principles were too well regulated for one blast of misfortune to wither the flowers, and cause ill weeds to spring up rampant in the garden of his heart. That heart was disappointed, but not chilled or soured; he did not scorn or rail at the world, but strove, like a true hero, to brave its frowns, and wait patiently until his own firm will and endurance should earn for him what fortune had denied. Philip Armytage was not perfect—who on earth ever was! but his foibles never

amounted to vices; and, young as he was, he had learned wisdom, and bade fair to become, if he were not already, a talented and good man. Thus far we have spoken of the mind of Philip Armytage; reversing the general order, and putting foremost what is indeed the highest. Of his face and person, we may now say, that both were pleasing to a lady's eye; he was certainly not an Apollo, but he was tall, graceful, and looked, moved, spoke like a gentleman. Such was he whom destiny—what can such things be but destiny?—threw in the way of the young, beautiful, blind girl, whose lonely dreaming heart yearned for an ideal round which to hang, as a garland, all its flowers of love and fancy. And rare as the fact is in the history of most maidens' hearts, in this case the shrine was one worthy to receive that purest and holiest sacrifice, a woman's first love. If this love be so powerful that it is sometimes unchanged—always remembered—to old age, what must be the feelings of those on whom outward impressions can have no influence, whom outward beauty cannot lure to fickleness! how intense—how all-engrossing must be the love of the blind!

CHAPTER III.

"Amor che nullo amato amor perdona
Mi prese, del costui pincer si forte
Che come vedi, ancor non m'abbandona."—DANTE.

"Love, that to none beloved to love again
Remits, seized me with wish to please so strong
That as thou seest, even yet it doth remain."

THE wise ones of the earth may ridicule love's mysterious sympathies, as they do the stories of ghosts and apparitions, but there must be some truth in both, or so much pains need not and would not be taken to prove them to be false. How was it, then, that before Stella and Philip Armytage had met half a dozen times, they began to feel and to talk like old friends? What was that strange sympathy which made the very words he uttered appear to her as if she had heard them before in some dim dream—as if she had thought his thoughts long before? And what was it that caused Philip Armytage, who had basked all his life in the smile of woman, to feel an irresistible charm in gazing on the sweet face of the poor blind girl, who, as yet unconscious of the nature of the invisible tie between them, treated him with the frank regard of a young sister towards a dear brother?

Most welcome is the society of a countryman to those who are travelling abroad; and Stella thought it was this reason that made Philip's presence so grateful to her. Then, too, he was so gentle, and talked to her of his lost sister, blind like herself, until she felt that blindness to be less pain. He read to her, and thus opened a new world to her view; his high and cultivated intellect drawing out the hidden treasures of hers, and his early ripened judgment guiding her, until she awoke from the vague, idle dreams of girlhood unto a better and brighter life. Yet all this while no words of love passed between them.

For weeks, months, their life was a long dream of happiness, so sweet, that neither thought of the waking. By slow degrees the truth dawned on Philip Armytage, and he knew that he, over whose heart light fancies before had swept like a summer wind, now loved, for the first time, with his whole heart and soul. And who was the object of this passionate love? A blind girl, whose helplessness made her only the dearer; for what is so sweet to

proud man as the sense of protection? Often when Philip sat and listened to her voice, or looked on her fragile loveliness, as she clung to his guiding arm, he felt that if he could only take her in his heart's core, and shield her there from every breath of sorrow, what bliss it would be! And then he remembered himself—poor, friendless as he was, how dared he love her! And so his lips were sealed.

Had Philip Armytage guessed that Stella would learn to love him, he would have flown from the spot rather than thus have brought sorrow upon her. He was too honorable, knowing his own poverty, to steal into a girl's heart, whose hand he hoped not to claim. Stella was so different from any woman he had ever met; her manner towards him was so frank, so open, with not a shadow of disguise in her simple, truthful soul, that Philip thought she regarded him only as a friend, and never by one word did he overstep the limits of that friendship. And Stella, in her unworldly and innocent nature, had deceived herself likewise. It was not until he came to tell her that he must soon depart with the noble lord who hired his services, that Stella knew how dearly she loved Philip Armytage.

But with that knowledge came thronging a host of maidenly feelings—not pride, nor yet shame—why should she blush, that in loving him she had loved goodness, and talent, and everything that ennobles man! but painful reserve and sadness, which must now be hidden from sight. How little the poor blind girl knew how to conceal aught! Yet, in a few hours of anguish, she learned more than in her whole life, and when Philip came next day to bid her adieu, he was almost startled by the change in her. The wavering color on her cheek had settled into a deadly paleness; and there was a womanly calmness in her manner, but not the girl's freedom of old.

A wild thought of sweet agony shot through Philip's brain—did she then love him! But no; there was no tremulousness in the lip, no blush, no tear. It could not be.

They talked long and calmly of his proposed journey—of Italy, whither he was going, of the time passed here so pleasantly, of the chances how and where they might again meet.

"I shall hear of you, sometimes," said Philip, in that old, old parting sentence, "and you will think of me now and then, Stella?" It was at her own particular wish that he had called her by her sweet Christian name.

"Yes," answered Stella, "I shall not forget how many dull hours you have made pleasant; I shall ever remember your kindness, your pity, to one like me."

"You pain me by speaking thus," Philip said, after a pause, during which his heart beat so violently that he vainly tried to make his voice seem calm.

"I am sorry; then I will say no more about myself, and only thank you very much for all you have been to me," returned Stella, with something of her smile of old.

Philip Armytage rose—he lingered over the last adieu. He held her hand and looked at her as if to imprint every feature of that beautiful face in his memory. Alas for the blind-girl, who could not see what a world of love was revealed in his gaze! With a voice, whose tremulousness went to Stella's very heart, he said, Farewell! lifted her hand halfway to his lips, and relinquished it without the so-long-for kiss, and departed.

He had scarcely crossed the threshold when he remembered Mr. Brandreth, whose cold but always courteous welcome had never failed him, and surely merited some adieu. Philip returned; he had not meant to seek Stella again, for her silent farewell had pained him, but he heard a low wailing in the room where he had left her, and came near. There, weeping with a passionate vehemence that shook her slight frame, knelt the blind girl, her head bowed, and her hands tightly clasped together.

"My mother—my Philip—both gone—I am all alone now," she murmured in accents of thrilling sorrow.

Philip forgot everything except that he loved and was beloved. He darted forward and knelt beside her.

"No, not alone, my Stella—star of my life—my only beloved," he cried, lavishing upon her the passionate epithets that love teaches. "I will never leave you, my heart's darling—my beautiful—more to me than all the world!" he continued, while his arms encircled his treasure, and she trembling, almost doubting the joyful certainty, could only weep. He asked her why she did so.

"Because I am unworthy of you—I, so ignorant—so young, and blind."

"I will be your eyes, my dearest!" cried the lover, kissing the blue-veined lids that drooped over those poor sightless orbs, as with the most tender and earnest assurances, he told Stella all—how her sweetness and child-like simplicity had awakened his deepest love—how he had struggled against it, and, finally, how he had found out his error, and was resolved, in despite of ill-fortune, pride, poverty, to ask her for his own. And so they plighted their faith one to the other; the blind girl and her lover. One hour—almost one moment—had changed their fate through life.

Philip Armytage went home full of deep thought. His step was firmer, his carriage loftier, for he felt that he was no longer a lonely man—he was the guardian of another's happiness—the object of woman's priceless love. He had not only to think of himself, but of her who trusted him—who placed her fate in his keeping. Since yesterday, his whole thoughts were changed; even his worldly prospects seemed brighter now that Stella loved him, and that his fortunes might one day be linked with hers. Poverty looked dim in the distance; he felt a proud consciousness of his own powers; it seemed that he could brave all things—do all things, if Stella might one day be his wife. The glamor of love overspread all he looked upon; and with these delicious feelings, Philip Armytage, before he slept, sat down, and wrote a letter to Mr. Brandreth, asking Stella's hand.

It was refused!—The father, though not unkind, was firm. He regretted his own error in not having foreseen the end of such a friendship, and courteously, but resolutely, refused to sanction a marriage or even betrothal, so wild and imprudent.

The lover read the cold, the formal epistle through twice, before he comprehended it clearly; it came like ice upon fire. The sensible, right-minded Philip Armytage was still under the influence of that sweet, bewildering love-dream. Yet, there the words were—freezing and plain—"that a man without riches should never be the husband of Stella Brandreth." His spirit sank within him; he covered his face, and the burning tears, so seldom wrung from manhood, stole through his fingers. How well he loved the poor blind girl!

Night found him still pacing his chamber in

utter desolation of heart. Then he yearned once more to look upon the face of her he loved. He longed to tell Stella that he had not forsaken her—that he would never love any but her. Under cover of darkness he stole to her home—crept along the grass to the window of the room where he and Stella had so often sat; the light, through the half-drawn curtains, showed him that she was there and alone. From the deep sadness of her face and attitude he guessed that she knew all. Philip touched the window—it was a little way open, and in a moment he stood by her side.

Long and mournful was the conference between the two; but when Philip spoke of his departure for Italy, the girl's sorrow amounted almost to agony.

"Philip—Philip, do not leave me," she cried, imploringly—"I was so desolate before you came; you only brought light and joy to the poor blind girl. No one has loved me but you, since my mother died. Philip, I shall die too, if I lose you. Forsake me not—take me with you; as your wife I shall fear nothing—shall regret nothing."

Poor Stella! she knew so little of the world, and she was so young—hardly more than a child in years, and a child in simplicity. All that she felt was the anguish of losing him who was the only one who made life precious to her. She clung around his neck, and besought him to stay, in spite of her father—of every one.

Bitter, indeed, was the struggle in the young man's bosom; but the right triumphed at last. He would not commit so grievous a sin as to bring sorrow and poverty on the innocent creature who trusted him, by wedding her against her father's will.

"Stella, dearest," he said, "you do not know what you ask—we must part for a while. There never comes a blessing on disobedience; and God forbid that I should be the one to steal a child from her father's arms, even if I loved her as my heart's blood—and thus love I you, my own Stella."

A deep flush of womanly shame crossed the girl's face. She drew herself from her lover's arms, and stood upright.

"I have been wrong, Philip—I have forgotten what I owe to myself, to my father, to you; forgive me—I am very ignorant—you are wiser and better than I. Forget all this, and only remember that I am blind and lonely, with no one to love me but you. Go, you are right; I will strive to be content in thinking how little I deserved to be loved so well by one like you."

Philip used all the sweet language of a lover, to soothe and cheer her. He told her that he would struggle for life and death, to gain that wealth which would enable him to win her—that she was so young—that nothing was impossible to love, and it might only be a few years before he could boldly come and claim his bride.

"I ask no promise, but I trust your love, my Stella; you will not doubt mine?"

"Never, never," murmured the girl. "But I need not say farewell now; you will come once more!" she added, trembling.

Philip promised, for his patron would remain yet a week. He clasped his beloved wildly to his heart, leaped through the window, and was gone. For an hour he haunted the place, until he saw Stella at the window; the lamp showed him her face, pale, sad, and composed; she stayed a moment to breathe the cool night air, and then turned

away. It was his last vision of the beautiful blind girl.

When, a few days after, Philip came again to the house where he had been so welcome, it was deserted; the Englishman and his daughter had gone, no one knew whither.

CHAPTER IV.

"How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will,
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill.
This man is freed from servile bands,
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall,
Lord of himself, tho' not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all."

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

PHILIP ARMYTAGE went to Italy, a weary-hearted, disappointed man. He had loved—he loved still; the life of love was over; yet its memory was as a sweet perfume, that would not depart. No true, earnest, pure love can ever be utterly in vain. Such a love is rarely placed on an unworthy object; and the mere act of loving hallows and elevates the soul. If death takes away the desire of the eyes, who shall repine at having loved, and made life sweet by that love, while it lasted? If, more hard to bear still, comes earthly separation from the beloved—nay, even falsehood—still the poor lonely one has not loved in vain. Why do poets rave about unhappy love? There is no unhappiness in love, if it be sinless. The stricken heart has shed its odors like a flower; if they are wasted or cast aside, it is sad—but still they have not been poured out in vain, they have perfumed the air around, and the flower has lived amid the incense it made. Again we say, no man or woman, who loved truly, ever loved in vain.

And Philip's love for Stella was not in vain; it purified his heart; it taught him his own strength; it nerved to energy a spirit that might otherwise have yielded to apathy. In the thorny path of life, even the strong-minded Philip Armytage might have sunk in despair but for that poor little wayside flower which had brightened his way, if only for a time. Love for a virtuous woman is man's best armor against sin, his strongest spur to exertion; and thus, when Philip awoke from his dream of love, he determined resolutely to gain the reality of it.

He saw that to saunter lazily through life, as the dependent of a great man, would not be the way to win him his Stella; that he must strive to enter some profession that might give him wealth and a position in society. Yet how, without means of support, was he to attain this end? How live while he was studying, how bear the expenses of study? Many a time did he ponder over this, until he was nigh unto despair. There was but one chance, and to that he bent his proud spirit. A greater testimony could not be given to the intense love which animated him to exertion, for her sake who had awakened it.

Philip Armytage came to England, and, unwitting, crossed the threshold of the uncle whose delight he had been in boyhood, and from whom he had parted a year before, if not in anger, at least in coolness; the result of suffering, on the one hand, and conscious injustice on the other. He did what will at once stamp him as no hero of romance, but yet what was, in itself, the greatest heroism, as it cost him the severest struggle of his life. He asked humbly, and as a favor, that his uncle would,

out of his abundant wealth, supply him with a pittance while he studied for the bar, pledging himself, if he lived, to return the loan.

Sir Philip Heathcote was not a man of deep feelings, yet he perceived at once how violently those of his nephew were agitated while making this request. He took his hand kindly, almost deprecatingly, for it seemed to him that his dead sister looked at him out of her son's eyes, reproaching him for the caprice which had brought Philip so low.

"Tell me, first, why you are thus anxious to become a barrister, my dear boy?" said the old man to him.

The endearing expression, and somewhat of the love of former days, melted away all Philip's lingering pride. He told his uncle why he wished advancement in the world, for the sake of one beloved.

"It is foolish—very foolish; a girl so young, and blind too! What sort of a wife will she make, think you, for a man who must struggle with the world?" said the cautious uncle.

Philip's pride once more rose up in his heart. "I only asked if you will show me this kindness; if not, I will depart," he replied coldly.

"I must consider," Sir Philip was about to say, still doubtful, when the rustle of silks announced the old man's young, beautiful, worldly wife, and he hastily grasped his nephew's hand, whispering—"Not a word, Philip, you shall have all you wish!" There was much good in the old baronet after all.

Philip entered on his new career. It was one from which, in his early days of academic honors, and literary pleasures, he would have shrunk in disgust, as being wearisome and dull; but he had now a great end to gain, and he heeded not how uninviting was the path that led towards it. Month after month he pored over dusty law folios, until his brain grew heated and weary; but then between him and the page would float Stella's face, with the long lashes cast down, and the sweet lips that trembled with every change of feeling, as rose-petals with the breath of the breeze. In the daytime, when mingling with the hurrying scenes of the life he had chosen, that image grew fainter; but when at night he closed his eyes, and his spirit retired within itself, deep in his heart's core did Philip cherish the memory of Stella.

As months, years flew on, and no tidings reached him, this memory became like a dream. He had no clue whereby to trace her, and even if he had, what could it have availed! Still, though hope grew less, it never utterly failed him; he could not but think that he should meet her again one day, and no other love ever came to render him forgetful of that which he bore towards her.

Thus Philip Armytage went on his way, until his brave spirit had conquered all difficulties; and, no longer a dependent on his uncle's kindness, he took his stand among those whose eloquence and talents made them renowned in the land. How was the boyish dreamer changed, and become the thoughtful, high-hearted man, before whose intellect the wisest bowed, and upon whose eloquent tongue the learned and unlearned, the rude and the gentle, hung spell-bound with equal delight! No shallow sophistry, no underhand double-dealing ever sullied the lips or disgraced the actions of Philip Armytage; he ever stood forward for truth and justice. He showed the dignity of the law, and his strong, clear mind was never warped by meanness or prejudice.

And not alone at the bar did his fame make its way; but his fine intellect blossomed anew in the sunshine of good fortune. His darling dream from his boyhood was realized—he became an author. The voice of the poet went forth like a trumpet, sounding aloud for the just and right cause; men listened to it, and woman's lips grew eloquent in praise of the noble spirit that was ever on the side of truth and mercy. His songs went through the length and breadth of the land, to prove what the true poet ought to be—not the idle rhymers, the visionary sentimentalist, but the teacher of all high things, the voice of God to mankind, leading them to a purer life, and himself showing the way. The man of genius stands forth as the high priest of Divinity itself, before whom it befits him to offer up, not only the first-fruits of his intellect, but the continued sweet savor of a life high and pure, and in accordance with the lore he teaches. He should realize his own ideal, and be what he strives to delineate. And thus, amidst fame and high fortune, was Philip Armytage the eloquent upholder of virtue, the scorner of vice, the earnest, music-breathing poet, the noble man.

CHAPTER V.

"In the unruffled shelter of thy love,
My bark leaped homewards from a rugged sea,
And furled its sails, and dropped right peacefully
Hope's anchor, quiet as a nested dove."

LOWELL.

AMONG the many whose society was pleasant to Philip Armytage, as his was to them, stood foremost an aged couple, who, united late in life, spent their childless old age in pleasing themselves with all that was good and beautiful around. Mrs. Lyle was one of those few women who know how to "grow old gracefully," and are as winning and lovely in their decay as the twilight of a summer evening fading into the gray of night. None of the sourness and cold-heartedness of age was in her gentle nature; she did not turn away from the young and ardent, but rather clung to them, and encouraged them. She loved all that was beautiful; she filled her pretty home with pictures, and statues, and books, so that to enter it was like coming into a sweet garden of fancy, in which the continual perfume of a graceful and elegant mind pervaded all things. And about this pleasant home moved its gentle possessor, with her low voice, her kind manner, and her face still beautiful even in age, from the sweet expression it wore. Hither she welcomed many of those who were rising or risen in art and literature, rejoicing with the fortunate, cheering the doubtful, encouraging the struggling, and sympathizing with all, and with none more than with Philip Armytage.

One day the young barrister came thither, to see Mrs. Lyle. The gentle old lady was in her flower-garden; she loved her flowers so much, as indeed she loved everything in which was a shadow of the beautiful—and Philip was shown into an inner room, where she received her favorite guests. A pleasant, cheerful room it was; with its antique furniture, its crimson walls, from which looked the sweet heads of Raffaele, and the soft-eyed Madonnas of Guido, beside the pure outlines of Flaxman's marble bas-reliefs, with its painted windows, through which the sunlight struggled quaintly, giving an air of dreaminess and mystery to the whole.

Philip Armytage half entered, but stayed his feet, for the room was not unoccupied. At the further end, a lady sat reading. From her slight but rounded

figure she seemed in the meridian of womanhood; her face was turned away, but Philip looked in admiration at the graceful outline of her cheek, and her Grecian shaped head, round which soft golden hair was braided, contrasting with the mourning-dress she wore.

Wondering who she could be, he came nearer; she turned round, half-bending in acknowledgment to a stranger, and Philip looked upon the face of his early love. Yes! it was, indeed, Stella, but how changed! the fairy girl was matured in the dignified woman, and those sweet blue eyes, sightless no longer, coldly met his own, without recognizing Philip Armitage.

A chill crept over him; he, who a day before would have flown to clasp her to his bosom, now stood spell-bound by her presence, as if she had been a vision from the dead.

"Have you forgotten me?" at last burst from his quivering lips.

At the sound of his voice she started, glanced wildly towards him; her cheek grew marble-white, and then crimson.

"Have you forgotten me, Stella!—forgotten Philip Armitage?" and he took her hand.

"No—no—no!" cried the girl, as she clasped it in both hers, and looked eagerly in his face. In a moment Philip's arms were round her, and his long-lost, long-beloved one wept joyful tears upon his breast.

"And do you indeed remember me still, Philip?" asked Stella, with a doubtful look in her eyes.

"Have all these years brought no change?"

"It is you who are changed, my beloved," Philip answered, gazing earnestly at her.

An expression of rapturous joy irradiated Stella's face.

"Yes! I am not now as when you knew me—I am no longer blind."

They sat down together, hand in hand, and talked of all that had happened since they parted. Stella told her lover how, after their forced separation, months had glided into years, and still she heard no tidings of him; how she and her father at last returned to England, where the skill of an eminent oculist restored to her the light of day, and all the delights of a world so long shut out from her. Thus her girlhood stole into womanhood, and she entered into society, still keeping faithful to the memory of her early dream, dim and hopeless as it had now become. Then Stella spoke of her father—of his increased kindness, which had continued until his death. Her high-spirited brother had gone to India, and she was now all alone, save for the sister of her mother—the gentle-hearted Mrs. Lyle. All this Philip learned, in return for his own tale of faithful love. But Stella, with woman's reserve, did not tell him how entirely the thought of him had engrossed her whole soul; that by night and by day his name was in her heart; his voice in her ear; that she existed but in that one idea, through months and years of absence, during which she knew not if he ever once remembered her. She did not tell him how, when his fame increased, it reached even to her, and her woman's heart swelled with pride at having loved and been loved by one so worthy; how she lived for days on the delight of having read his name, or heard him spoken of by strangers with words of praise; how she hung over his writings, and traced there the ripe harvest of mind which she had known in its early luxuriance; and how at times came the wild yearning to see him once more, and to know if in

the memory of the honored man of genius lingered one thought of the blind girl he had once loved, and who returned that love with such passionate devotion, though it was buried in the depths of her inmost heart.

This sweet communion was broken by the entrance of Mrs. Lyle; but all was soon revealed to her, and she rejoiced with almost a mother's joy over the happiness of the two whom she loved so well. Once more Philip and Stella renewed their early vows; there was now no impediment to their union, save in that lingering pride which made the lover shrink from receiving from his wife those worldly riches with which it would have been his delight to load her. But the young barrister was still poor, and Stella was an heiress.

When Philip spoke of this, she answered with the loving dignity of a woman, who, with her heart, gives her all—

"Do you remember, Philip, years ago, when I was a wild, foolish girl, I besought you to take me as your wife, and you nobly refused to bring sorrow upon me in return for my love? I am now a woman, wiser, I trust, and more worthy of you, though still most humble compared to Philip Armitage. But such as I am, take me, and all that is mine; I count it as nothing when I think of the bliss of being beloved by one like you."

And now the betrothed lovers entered on that sweet time when the doubt and fear of love is over, and the two heart-united ones stand on the threshold of wedded life, and look forward to the future as an endless vista of pleasant paths, to be trodden together. How sweet were the long summer evenings when Philip left weary, dull, dusty London behind him, and came to Mrs. Lyle's cottage at Hampstead, that prettiest of pretty spots, which, but for its metropolitan *prestige*, would be thought a very Arcadia! It was very pleasant to Philip and Stella to stroll along the green lanes between Hampstead and Highgate, and talk of their old favorites who had loved these very spots—the young dreamer, Keats, and Coleridge, the philosopher-poet, and Shelley, the gentle-hearted, whose life was a long sunbeam of love and poetry. And when they came home, there was Mrs. Lyle, ever ready to welcome them with her quiet smile; and then there was some book to be read, over which the good-natured, but less ethereally inclined friend dozed in sweet oblivion; or else Stella sang to her lover the dear old songs, of which she had not forgotten one—not even the one which he had first listened to in the gay *soiree*, when sang by the blind English maiden.

Day by day Stella's character unfolded itself more to her betrothed—not as the sweet, innocent girl whose helplessness had entwined her round the heart of the strong man, in spite of her half-formed mind, so inferior to his own, with a tie in which compassion had awakened love; but as the matured, high-souled woman, whose ripened, cultivated powers made her a help-meet for the man of intellect. Philip Armitage did not know how much of this was owing to himself. A woman's character in after-life often, nay, almost always, takes its nature from that of her first love—not her first crude girlish fancy, but the one who first unsealed the fountain of woman's feelings. She becomes like him she loves; her thoughts and predilections take their hue from his; if she weds him, their union is thus made sweeter by sympathy; if not, however her lot may be cast, she never entirely ceases to be influenced by those feelings which he first created and guided. Thus had Stella loved one of inferior mind, she would never

have become what she was now, her nature would have sank to his, and many of its hidden treasures would have lain dormant forever.

But though hardly a trace remained of the undeveloped character of the blind girl, Stella still preserved the pure simplicity and meekness which had distinguished her then. She was still as humble-minded, as devoted to him she loved, hardly bestowing a thought on her surpassing beauty and her many attractions, except so far as they made her more precious to him and more worthy to be his wife. And such was the bride whom, ere the leaves of autumn had fallen to earth, Philip Armytage took to his home and to his heart, a treasure long wooed, long sighed-for, at last won!

CHAPTER VI.

"Their sky was all glory; but a cloud sailed into it; there was lightning in its bosom, and it broke."—BERNARD.

WE have seen the blind girl as a child, a young maiden, a woman in the pride of her loveliness; let us now behold her as a wife, no longer the idol of a lover's dream, but the sharer of his life—the joy, the comfort of her husband's home. We would fain describe her, but the words float from our pen, and glide away into poesy—into that sweetest picture of woman that ever dawned on poet's brain. Stella was—

"A creature not too bright and good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles."

"A being breathing thoughtful breath;
A traveller betwixt life and death;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit, still and bright,
And something of an angel light."

After this, what can we say but that Philip Armytage had, in truth, "an angel in the house." Rare, very rare, are such in this world; but we have known some, and others, doubtless, have done the same. Alas! that while they were walking with us we knew them not, until they had spread their invisible wings and flown to heaven!

The home of Philip Armytage was one in which the world may see that poesy can hallow daily life, and that the glorious light of genius is not incompatible with the subdued, delicious glow of the domestic fire-side. A man of talent is like a beacon set on a hill, exposed to every wind of heaven, and to the gaze of innumerable eyes, eagerly watching lest its light should be extinguished. If it flutters or wane for a moment, like any other common fire, up rises the cry of a hundred voices, and a hundred hands are lifted to quench the unworthy beacon. God help the man of genius! he walks through a road that is full of snares, more, and deeper, for him than for men of less exalted minds and less sensitive natures; and all these set up a rejoicing shout if he only stumble. Yet it is not impossible to tread the path in safety; many strive thus to walk, and all honor to those whose life proves that men may glory at once in a lofty intellect and a blameless and pure heart. Such an one approaches nearest to that ideal of humanity—which all shall, we trust, one day attain—when mind and matter shall no longer strive together, and we become only "a little lower than the angels."

Philip Armytage lived this life, as near as man can do on earth. He brought the treasures of his lofty intellect to brighten his home; he did not relinquish his profession, but he adorned it with the refinements of a gifted mind. He had none of the vagaries of the poet; he did not consider that genius must necessarily be eccentric, and no one would have thought that the clear-headed, sensible man, whose courteous and winning manners were the ornament of the intellectual society which he collected round him in his well-ordered home, or the gentle affectionate husband, who read and talked cheerfully to his wife, during the long winter evenings, was the same high-souled poet, whose brilliant imagination made his writings worshipped by some, and wondered at by others.

When the long, pleasant, summer-days came again, Philip and Stella took "the wings of the dove," and fled away for a time to a home far down in the country, the same where Stella's mournful childhood had been spent, and which was now left half desolate in the absence of its present owner, Edmund Brandreth. The happy wife of Philip Armytage trod, with her husband by her side, all those forest walks where the lonely blind girl had once wandered, and the contrast made her, if possible, happier still. Life was to the young pair an enchanted dream of such deep joy that their hearts trembled under the burthen, like flowers heavy with much dew. Young, rich, with minds gifted to behold and enjoy, to the full, all that was beautiful, and hearts that seemed as one in close and loving union;—what had they more to desire? Sometimes a light shadow of fear would flit over them—a sort of vague doubt that as night comes after day, so grief ever follows happiness. But then love chased the dim phantom away with its angel wings.

It had been a long season of drought, so that the very grass was parched in the meadows, the birds became almost mute, and fled to the deepest shades of the vast forest. Very grateful now was the thick wood, whose verdant recesses formed the only relief from the insupportable heat. Every evening Stella and her husband took their pleasant ramble together, from twilight until the stars came out; the young wife adding to every beautiful sight and sound by her deep sense of enjoyment, while Philip's noble mind invested all things with a halo of poesy, so that to walk with him was to walk with a magician, who unveiled the inner life of nature.

One evening they went out together as usual, but did not pass beyond the lawn, for twilight brought with it the tokens of a coming storm. Dark, vapor-fringed cumuli rose up o'er the bed of the departing orb, shutting out all the lovely purple and gold of a September sunset, and growing thicker and blacker, until they reached mid heaven, covering the pale moon, that in her feeble age followed quickly after the fading light. A heavy stillness succeeded—a darkness that might be felt, oppressing both mind and body with a dull weight.

"Let us go in," said Stella, as she leaned wearily upon her husband's arm; "see, the storm is coming nearer; and look! there is a flash."

"It is only summer lightning," Philip answered. "But come, dear, we will go within doors, and watch it from the window, it is so beautiful."

They went in, and stood watching the storm. Stella felt no fear, for her husband was beside her. She rested her head on his shoulder, and felt his arm encircle her, and thus they looked on the gathering clouds, and the brilliant flashes of sheet

lightning that momentarily illumined the whole heavens, and made the dark woods as bright and distinct as in broad daylight. Even when the heavy drops began to fall, and a low rumbling of thunder was heard in the distance, they did not turn away, for the minds of both were of too high an order to experience that weak sorrow which makes the feeble shrink from that grandest and most beautiful sight—a thunder-storm at night.

"You are not afraid, my dearest?" asked the husband.

"No, Philip," answered Stella. "I like to watch a storm coming on. I feel a kind of awful delight, as though I were drawn nearer to heaven, and heard the voice of God in the thunder. I have no fear, except that I would ever have those I love beside me as now."

Philip pressed his wife nearer to him with a smile. "Now you are quite safe, love."

"Yes, with you. I remember the first storm I ever watched, after my sight was restored. It was here at this very window. I was foolish, my Philip, I know, but I could not turn my thoughts from you. I wondered where you were—if you were safe; and though dreading no danger for myself, I yet felt a shuddering fear lest harm should come to you. Now I have you with me, my own husband."

"Forever—forever," cried Philip, stooping over her with intense love, "my Stella, my—"

As he spoke, a dazzling, blinding flash enveloped them in one sheet of lurid flame; then came a burst of thunder, so long and loud, that it seemed as if the heavens were falling. But the husband and wife heard it not. They both lay insensible, Philip's arm still clasping his beloved. Philip Armytage woke to consciousness, and found Stella still lying motionless. Her eyes were fixed and open; her features white and livid, while her arm still twined round his neck, as cold and heavy as stone. He uttered one cry of agonized despair, and then a desperate calmness came over him. He felt her heart; a faint pulse was still beating there. He lifted her hand; it did not fall down again, but remained stiffly extended. She was not dead, but remained in a trance if possible more fearful still than death.

All that night, the next day, and throughout another horrible night, did Philip hang over his insensible wife. No skill could wake her from her terrible repose; she lay immovable, breathing faintly, but not a tinge of life was on her marble-like face, and the glare of her open eyes was fearful to behold. Philip tried to close them, but the eyelids shrank back again from the dilated pupils. He covered them with a veil, for he could not bear to see the horrible expression they gave to the beautiful face he loved so much.

When the second day was at its meridian, Philip thought he saw her breast heave, a faint hue dyed her white lips—they moved; and with a wild cry he clasped his wife in his arms, and strove to reanimate those pale lips with kisses.

"Philip," she murmured faintly, "I thought I was dead."

"You are living—here in my arms, my beloved—my heart's treasure," cried the husband, almost weeping with joy.

"Ah, I remember the storm; it is all over now. It is night; but why have you put out the lamp? I cannot see you, love."

Philip shuddered at her words, for the room was flooded with the golden light of noon. He looked

at Stella's eyes; their expression revealed the awful truth; the lightning had struck her, and she was once more hopelessly blind.

CHAPTER VII.

"Go not away!—yet ah, dark shades I see
Obscure thy brow—thou goest! but give thy hand;
Must it be so?—Then go—I follow thee;
Yes! unto death—unto the Silent Land."

FREDRIKA BREMER.

STELLA awoke from that thunder-stricken trance unto darkness that no human power could henceforth sweep away—those sweet eyes were now blind forever. Meekly, as became her nature, did she bow beneath the stroke, but Philip writhed under it in insupportable agony. Stella's health slowly recovered, and she rose up from her bed of sickness, and once more wandered about the house, pale, pensive, but still calm. Then burst forth her husband's wild despair. His frantic words sometimes reached almost to imprecations. He wished that the terrible lightning-flash had struck him dead, rather than that he should live to see this wreck of his happiness. His whole nature seemed changed; the gentle, upright, pious-hearted Philip Armytage was all but a maniac in his wild despair.

But Stella seemed to have gained all the firmness which he had lost. Patient, unrepining, she was to him like a guardian angel, soothing and cheering him, as if he had been the stricken one, and she the consoler. He would take her away, to try all that metropolitan skill could effect, and to amuse her, as he thought, with every enjoyment that London could furnish. But Stella knew it was hopeless; and though she submitted, to please her husband, still it was not long before her health failed in the close air of the city, and Philip bore her again to her native home.

There the soft spring breezes once more brought faint roses to the cheek of the blind wife, and hope, almost joy, stole back again to her heart, for she knew that heart would soon throb with the pulses of a mother's love. Again life became sweet to her, and a little of her cheerfulness communicated itself to Philip's melancholy spirit. In his wife's presence he grew more calm, and for her sake he returned to those pursuits which, in the first burst of wild agony, he had vowed to relinquish forever. He read to her, as of old; he wrote poetry, because it pleased her; he no longer shrank from the pleasant sunshine, because she could behold it no more; but spent whole days in guiding her steps through the forest, describing everything he saw with the eloquence of love.

"Do you remember once when you said, 'I will be your eyes, dearest?'" Stella one day whispered to him; "and now you are so, my Philip! you make me see with your eyes."

Philip groaned, "Hush, hush, I cannot bear it."

"Nay, nay, look at me; I am not sad; indeed, Philip, you do not know how happy I am. If I were now, as I once was—lonely, helpless, with no one to love me—I might indeed lament; but with you for my husband, ever with me, giving up all for me, with the knowledge that my infirmity only proves how strong is your love, how can I murmur? My own Philip; you are the light of my eyes; there is no darkness for me when you are by."

And Philip could only press her to his heart, and weep.

But though when her husband was by, Stella appeared contented and cheerful, and indeed was

so, yet there were times when she felt bitterly the deprivation of all those pleasures which had become so dear to her. She longed to behold that beautiful world which had been revealed to her sight, only to be shut out again forever; and more than all did she yearn to look once more upon the face of her husband—to watch it kindling into genius, until it became, to her at least, as the face of an angel. She knew, by the tones of his voice, when it wore that look, and then her heart sank to think that she must see it no more forever. At times, too, when in her darkness she was attiring herself, or arranging her long auburn hair, a natural sigh would escape her at the memory of the days in which her unsealed eyes first discovered that she was beautiful; and a throb of pleasure came to her heart at the thought that she was thereby more worthy of the long absent, but well-beloved one. Then, too, Stella would turn from the past to the dim future, and sometimes even weep that she would never behold the face of her child—that the blind mother would not trace, in its opening beauty, a likeness to the features most dear to her. And then, with these mother-thoughts, came memories of her own lost parent, in solemn sweetness leading her from earth to heaven.

Thus the time wore on; Philip's anguish was lulled by happy hopes for the future, and Stella's brow wore a holy calmness. One only, an aged woman, who had nursed her in her infancy, shook her head as she looked mournfully on the changing cheek and transparent hands; she knew well that the mysteries of the coming birth alone kept away the dread phantom, whose shadow already hung over the blind mother.

The hour of trial came; it brought a moment's joy, and then the gloom of despair. In a few days, the faint wailing cry of the young spirit which had entered this world of care was hushed; and silently, slowly, the mother was following her babe to heaven. No earthly power could save her, and Philip knew it. As still and speechless as her whose life was ebbing away on his bosom, the husband waited for death to take his treasure from his arms.

Stella lay in the heavy slumber which a temporary delirium had left behind. She did not even know on whose anguish-riven bosom her head rested. Once only she spoke like one dreaming.

"I see her—there, there, with white garments. Mother, I am coming; only let me bid *him* farewell." And her lips closed, murmuring Philip's name.

An hour before death her senses returned. She bade Philip kiss her, then whispered faintly—

"I am content, my husband, my beloved! You will come, too, soon, oh! soon. There is no darkness there."

She felt for his hand, laid it on her heart, and spoke no more. Death stole over that gentle one, not with gloom and sorrow, but with the peaceful shadows of a child's rosy sleep.

Let us pause for a moment to think of Death—Death, as he comes in the midst of life, and youth,

THAT implicit credulity is the mark of a feeble mind, will not be disputed; but it may not, perhaps, be as generally acknowledged, that the case is the same with unlimited scepticism.—*Stewart.*

NATURE has perfections, in order to show that she is the image of God; and defects, in order to show that she is *only* his image.—*Pascal.*

and love, when the world is yet sweet, and the journey has been too short for the limbs to grow weary. Yet, even so; blessed are they who never know the burthen and heat of the day! To them the Dread Presence comes as a white-winged angel, ere they have time to invest him with shadows that are alone the creation of man's fearful heart. He comes smiling, to waft them from earth's pleasures to those which are eternal. It is better to depart while love's roses are blooming, than to linger until they fade. Therefore, blessed are the young who die beloved and loving still! And for those, few in years, but many in sorrows, who have already seen the sun of hope set ere noon—who would keep the poor mourning ones from their rest? Thus let us think of thee, O Death! gentle unlooser of life's burthen, who foldest thy calm, still arms round the weary frame, and leavest the immortal spirit to rise rejoicing unto God.

For months after the death of Stella, the world was a blank to Philip Armytage. His noble mind was a wreck, and if at times glimpses of reason and intellect came, like wandering meteors through the ruins, they only showed more plainly the mournful desolation around. One soft woman's voice, and gentle woman's hand had power over him in his wildest moods; they were those of Mrs. Lyle. Many thought that his brain had never recovered from the fearful lightning-stroke, so that any great sorrow was sure to overthrow reason forever. But the love which had suffered so much, and then been riven by death, was cause sufficient. Rarely do men love to such intensity, but when they do, it is a fearful thing.

After a long season, Philip's mind awoke from its sleep. With declining health came restored reason. He lost that delusion, which had constantly haunted him, in which he fancied that the lost one was ever present by his side. It might have been a dream or not; God only knows. If the departed become ministering spirits, as may be, what office would be sweeter to that blessed angel than to watch over and soothe the bewildered mind of him whom she had so fondly loved on earth? Calmly, with a kind of mournful joy, did Philip Armytage see the world glide from him. Its pleasures were like shadows to him now. He lived near the fatal yet beloved home, whose gloom was now brightened by infant smiles and gay young voices, the children of Edmund Brandreth. These loved to gather round the knees of the pale, but ever-gentle mourner, and hear him talk of her who was gone—of her darkened childhood, her happy youth, her sweetness, and her suffering; and then they would listen with him to the murmuring of the trees in the old church-yard, the more fanciful of them thinking it was her voice whispering to them in the still evening twilight. But when the solitary one had kissed them all, and bade them good night, he would stretch his arms out in the darkness, and cry with a low, yearning voice—

"My Stella, my beloved, let me come to thee." And at length the longing prayer was heard.

D. M. M.

HAVE patience, oh quiet, hoping heart! What is denied to thee in life, because thou couldst not bear it, the happy moment of death bestows.—*Herder.*

TRUE humility, the basis of the Christian system, is the low, but deep and firm foundation of all real virtue.—*Burke.*

From Blackwood's Magazine.

NORTH AMERICA, SIBERIA, AND RUSSIA.*

THE circumnavigation of the world is now a matter of ordinary occurrence to our bold mariners; and after a few years it will be a sort of summer excursion to our steamers. We shall have the requisitions of the 'Travellers' Club more stringent as the sphere of action grows wider; and no man will be eligible who has not paid a visit to Pekin, or sunned himself in Siam.

But a circuit of the globe on *terra firma* is, we believe, new. Sir George Simpson will have no competitor, that we have ever heard, to claim from him the honor of having first galloped right a-head—from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Pacific to the British Channel. One or two slight divergencies of some thousand miles down the smooth and sunny bosom of the Pacific, are to be reckoned as mere episodes; but Sir George soon recovers his course, plunges in through the regions of the polar star; defies time, trouble, and Tartary; marches in the track of tribes, of which all but the names have expired; follows the glories of conquerors, whose bones have mingled five hundred years ago with the dust of the desert; gives a flying glance on one side towards the wall of China, and on the other towards the Arctic Circle; still presses on, till he reaches the confines of the frozen civilization of the Russian empire; and sweeps along, among bowing governors and prostrate serfs—still but emerging from barbarism—until he does homage to the pomp of the Russian court, and finally lands on the soil of freedom, funds, and the income tax.

What the actual object of all this gyration may have been, is not revealed, nor, probably, *revealeable* by a "governor of the Hudson's Bay territories," who, having the fear of *other* governors before his eyes, dedicates his two handsome volumes to "The Directors of the Hudson's Bay Company;" but the late negotiations on Oregon, the Russian interest in the new empire rising on the shore of the northern Pacific, the vigorous efforts of Russia to turn its Siberian world into a place of human habitation, and the unexpected interest directed to those regions by the discovery of gold deposits which throw the old wealth of the Spanish main into the shade, *might* be sufficient motives for the curiosity of an individual of intelligence, and for the anxious inquiries of a great company, bordering on two mighty powers in North America, both of them more remarkable for the vigor of their ambition than for the reverence of their hunters and fishers for the *jus gentium*.

Those volumes, then, will supply a general and a very well conceived estimate of immense tracts of the globe, hitherto but little known to the English public. The view is clear, quick, and discriminative. The countries of which it gives us a new knowledge are probably destined to act with great power on our interests, some as the rivals of our commerce, some as the depôts of our manufactures, and some as the recipients of that overflow of population which Europe is now pouring out from all her fields on the open wilderness of the world.

This spread of emigration to the north is a curious instance of the reflux of the human tide;

for, from the north evidently was Europe originally peopled. Japhet was a powerful propeller; and often as he has dwelt in the tents of Shem, he is likely to overwhelm the whole territory of the southern brother once more. The Turk, the Egyptian, the man of Asia Minor, the man of Thrace, will yet be but tribes in that army of the new Xerxes which, pouring from Moscow, and impelled from St. Petersburg, will renew the invasions of Genghiz and Tamerlane, and try the civilized strength of the west against the wild courage and countless multitudes of Tartary. Into this strange, but important, and prospectively powerful country, we now follow the traveller. Embarking from Liverpool in the Caledonia, a vessel of 1300 tons and 450 horse power, he was amply prepared to face the perils of the most stormy of all oceans, the Atlantic. The run across had the usual fortunes of all voyages, and within a week after their departure from *terra firma* they saw a whale, who saw them with rather more indifference, for he lay lounging on the surface until the steamer had nearly run over him. At last he dived down, and was seen no more. Next day, while there was so little wind, that all their light canvass was set, they saw the phenomenon of a ship under close-reefed topsails. This apparent timidity was laughed at by some of the passengers, but the more experienced guessed that the vessel had come out of a gale, of which they were likely to have a share before long, a conjecture which was soon verified.

On the morning of the 9th day, the captain discovering that the barometer had fallen between two and three inches during the night, due preparations were of course made to meet the storm. It came on in the afternoon, a hurricane. Then followed the usual havoc of boats and canvass, the surges making a clean breach over the deck; the passengers, of course, gave themselves up for lost, and even the crew are said to have been pretty nearly of the same opinion. However, the wind went down at last, the sea grew comparatively smooth, and in twenty-four hours more, they found themselves on the banks of Newfoundland. The writer thinks that it was fortunate for them that the storm had not caught them in the short swell of these shallow waters, as was probably the case of the President, whose melancholy fate so long excited, and still excites, a feeling of surprise and sorrow in the public mind.

It was lost in this very storm. Next day came another of the sea wonders. The cry of land started them all from the dinner table; but the land happened to be an immense field of ice, which, with the inequalities of its surface and the effect of refraction, presented some appearance of a wooded country. On that night the cry of "Light a-head," while they were still several hundred miles from land, excited new astonishment. "All the knowing ones" clearly distinguished a magnificent revolver. The paddles were accordingly stopped to have a cast of the lead, but in another half hour it was ascertained that the revolver was a newly risen star.

At length land was really seen, and, after a run of fourteen days, they cast anchor in the harbor of Halifax. But as Boston was their true destination they steered for it at once. Their progress had been rapid, for they entered Boston Bay in thirty-six hours from Halifax, a distance of 390 miles. Boston is more English-looking than New York. The gently undulating shores of the bay, highly

* Narrative of an Overland Journey Round the World. By Sir George Simpson, Governor-in-chief of the Hudson's Bay Company's territories in North America.

cultivated, bring to memory the green hills of England, and within the town the buildings and the inhabitants have a peculiarly English air.

As speed was an object, the party immediately left the town by the railway, passing through Lowell and reaching Nashua. This is one of the rapid growths of America. In 1819 this place was a village of but nineteen houses. It now contains 19,000 inhabitants, with churches, hotels, prisons, and banks. Here the party went off in two detachments, one in a sleigh with six horses, and the other rattled along in a coach-and-four. At the next stage the author exchanged the coach for a sleigh—a matter of no great importance to the world, but which may be mentioned as a caution against rash changes. For the first few miles the new conveyance went on merrily, and the passengers congratulated themselves on their wisdom. We must now let him speak for himself.

"The sun, as the day advanced, kept thawing the snow, till at last, on coming to a deep drift, we were repeatedly obliged to get out, sometimes walking up to the knees, and sometimes trying to lift the vehicle out of the snow. However, at length we fairly stuck fast, in spite of all our hauling and pushing. The horses struggled and plunged to no purpose, excepting that the leaders, after breaking part of their tackle, galloped off over the hills and far away, leaving us to kick our heels in the slush, till they were brought back after a chase of several miles."

The road now passed through Vermont, the state of green mountains. The country appeared striking; and Montpelier, where they breakfasted, seems to be a very pretty place, looking more the residence of hereditary ease and luxury, than the capital of a republic of thrifty graziers. It is, in fact, an assemblage of villas; the wide streets run between rows of trees, and the houses, each in its own little garden, are shaded by verandas.

In that very pleasant little book, the "Miseries of Human Life," one of those small calamities is, the being called at the wrong hour to go off in the wrong coach from a Yorkshire inn. Time and the railroad have changed all this in England, but in America we have the primitive misery well described.

The author, after forty-two hours of hard jolting, goes to bed at one o'clock to obtain a little repose, leaving orders to be called at five in the morning. He is wrapt in the profoundest of all possible slumbers, when a peal of blows is heard at his door. "In spite, however, of laziness, and a cold morning to boot," he says, "I had completed the operations of washing and dressing by candlelight, having even donned hat and gloves, to join my companions, when the waiter entered my room with a grin. 'I guess,' said the rascal, 'I have put my foot in it. Are you the man that wanted to be called at two?' 'No,' was my reply. 'Then,' said he, 'I calculate I have fixed the wrong man, so you had better go to bed again.' Having delivered himself of this friendly advice, he went to awaken my neighbor, who had all this time been quietly enjoying the sleep that properly belonged to me. Instead of following the fellow's recommendation, I sat up for the rest of the night." Whether the author possessed a watch we cannot tell, but if he was master of that useful and not very rare article, he might have saved himself his premature trouble, and escaped shivering at midnight.

On crossing into the Canadian territory, he encounters one of those evidences of popular liberty

which belong to rather the American than the English side. In the village of St. John's, some of the party went ahead to the principal inn, and as it was late at night, and their knocking produced no effect, they appealed to what they regarded as the most accessible of the landlord's susceptibilities, his pocket, by saying that they were fourteen, more coming, with a whole host of drivers. This appeal was the most unlucky possible, for the landlord had another sensibility, the fear of being tarred and feathered, if not hanged. On the door being opened at last, the landlord was not to be found; his brother wandered about, the very ghost of despair. The establishment was searched upside and downside, inside and outside, in vain; and they began to think themselves the cause of some domestic tragedy; but it must have been a late perpetration, for on looking into his bed, they found the lair warm.

However, after a short time, mine host returned with a face all smiles. The mystery was then explained. The election had taken place during the day, and the landlord, having taken the part of the candidate who eventually succeeded, was threatened with vengeance by the losing party. The arrival of the travellers convinced him that his hour was come, and he had jumped out of bed and hidden himself in some inscrutable corner. But a good supper reconciled everything.

The author crossed the ice to Montreal, and had a showy view of the metropolis of the Canadas. A curious observation is suggested by Montreal, on the different characters of the English and French population. In the days of Wolf and Amherst, it was all French; but John Bull, with his spirit of activity and industry, has quietly become master of all the trading situations of the city, while the French have as quietly retreated, and spread themselves through the upper sections of it, to a great degree cut off from its commercial portions.

From Montreal the true travel began. The heavy canoes were sent forward some days before, under the charge of some of the company's officers; the light canoes waited for the author, with Colonel Oldfield, chief engineer in Canada, who was going up the country on a survey of the navigation, and the Earls of Mulgrave and Caledon, who were going to the Red river, buffalo-hunting.

All was now ready in form, and on the 4th of May the two canoes were floating on the Lachine canal. The crews, thirteen to one vessel, and fourteen to the other, were partly Canadians, but principally Iroquois. Those *voyageurs*, as they are called, had each been supplied with a feather in his cap, in honor of the occasion, and evidently expected to produce a *sensation* on shore. But a north-wester blowing prevented the hoisting of their flags, which muffled the pageant of much of its intended glory. These canoes are thirty-five feet in length, and five feet wide in the centre; drawing about eighteen inches water, and weighing between three and four hundred pounds; capially fitted for a navigation among rocks, rapids, and portages; but they seem most uncomfortable in rough weather. The waves of the St. Lawrence rolled like a sea. The gale was biting, and the snow drifted heavily in the faces of the party. In this luckless condition, we are not surprised at the intelligence, that at St. Anne's rapids, notwithstanding the authority of the poet, "they sang no evening hymn."

This style of travelling was not certainly much mingled with luxury. Next morning, after "toiling for six hours," they breakfasted, "with the

wet ground for their table, and with rain in place of milk to cool their tea." On this day, while running close under the falls of the Rideau, they seem to have had a narrow escape from a *finale* to their voyage; their canoes being swept into the middle of the river, under an immense fall, fifty feet in height.

They now learned the art of *bicouacking*, and after a day of toiling through portages, reserving the severest of them, the Grand Calumet, for the renewed vigor of the morning, they made ready for the forest night. The description, brief as it is, is one among many which shows the *artist eye*.

"The tents were pitched in a small clump of pines, while round a blazing fire the passengers were collected, amid a medley of boxes, barrels, cloaks, and on the rock above the foaming rapids were lying the canoes; the men flitting about the fires as if they were enjoying a holiday, and watching a huge cauldron suspended above the fire. The whole with a background of dense woods and a lake."

Yet, startling as this "wooing of nature" in her rough moods may seem to the silk-and-velvet portion of the world, we doubt whether this wild life, with its desperate toil and its ground sleep, may not be the true charm of travel to saint, savage, or sage, when once fairly forced to the experiment. The blazing fire, the bed of leaves, the gay supper, made gayer still by incomparable appetite, and the sleep after all, in which the whole outward man remains imbedded, without the movement of a muscle and without a dream, until the morning awakes him up a new being, are fully worth all the inventions of art, to make us enjoy rest unearned by fatigue, and food without waiting for appetite. "The sleep of the weary man is sweet," said the ancient and wise king who slept among curtains of gold, and under roofs of cedar; the true way to taste that sleep is to spend a day dragging canoes up Indian portages, and lie down with one's feet warmed by a pine blaze, and one's back to the shelter of a forest.

But, as the time will assuredly come when this "life in the woods" will be no more, when huge inns will supersede the canopy of the skies, and down beds will make the memory of birch twigs and heather blossoms pass away, we give from authority the proceedings of an evening's rest, which the next generation will study with somewhat of the feeling of reading Tacitus De Moribus Germanorum.

As the sun approached his setting, every eye in the canoes, as they pulled along, was speculating on some dry and tolerably open spot on the shore. That once found, all were on shore in an instant. Then the axe was heard ringing among the trees, to prepare for the fires, and make room for the tents. In ten minutes, the tents were pitched, the fires blazing in front of each, and the supper preparing in all its diversities. The beds were next made, consisting of an oil-cloth laid on the ground, with blankets and a pillow; occasionally aided by great-coats, *à discretion*. The crews, drawing the canoes on shore, first made an inspection of their hurts during the day; and having done this, the little vessels were turned into a shelter, and each man, wrapping himself in his blanket, defied the weather and the world.

But this state of happiness was never destined to last long. About one in the morning, the cry of "Leve, leve," broke all slumbers. We must acknowledge that the hour seems premature, and that

the most patient of travellers might have solicited a couple of hours more of "tired nature's sweet restorer." But the discipline of the bivouac was Spartan. If the slumberer did not instantly start up, the tent was pulled down about him, and he found himself half-smothered in canvass. However, we must presume that this seldom happened, and, within half an hour, everything would be packed, the canoes laden, and the paddles moving to some "merry old song." In this manner passed the day, six hours of rest, to eighteen of labor, a tremendous disproportion, even to the sturdy Englishman or the active Irishman, but perfectly congenial to the sinews and spirit of the gay *voyageur*.

A few touches more give the complete picture of the day. About eight, a convenient site would be selected for breakfast. Three quarters of an hour being the whole time allotted for unpacking and packing, boiling and frying, eating and drinking. "While the preliminaries were arranging, the *hardier* among us would wash and shave, each person carrying soap and towel in his pocket, and finding a *mirror* in the same sandy or rocky basin which held the water. About two in the afternoon, we put ashore for dinner, and as this meal needed no fire, or, at least, got none, it was not allowed to occupy more than twenty minutes, or half an hour."

We recommend the following considerations to the amateur boat clubs, and others, who plume themselves on their naval achievements between Putney and Vauxhall bridges. Let them take the work of a Canadian paddle-man to heart, and lower their plumage accordingly.

"The quality of the work, even more than the quantity, requires operatives of iron mould. In smooth water, the paddle is plied with twice the rapidity of the oar, taxing both arms and lungs to the utmost extent. Amid shallows, the canoe is literally dragged by the men, wading to their knees or their loins, while each poor fellow, after replacing his drier half in his seat, laughingly strikes the heavier of the wet from his legs over the gunwale, before he gives them an inside berth. In rapids, the towing line has to be hauled along over rocks and stumps, through swamps and thickets, excepting that when the ground is utterly impracticable, poles are substituted, and occasionally also the bushes on the shore."

This however is "plain sailing," to the portages, where the tracks are of all imaginable kinds and degrees of badness, and the canoes and their cargoes are never carried across in less than two or three trips; the little vessels alone monopolizing, in the first turn, the more expert half of their respective crews. Of the baggage, each man has to carry at least two pieces, estimated at a hundred and eighty pounds weight, which he suspends in slings placed across his forehead, so that he may have his hands free, to clear his way among the branches and standing or fallen trunks. Besides all this, the *voyageur* performs the part of bridge, or jetty, on the arrival of the canoe at its place of rest, the gentleman passengers being carried on shore on the backs of these good-humored and sinewy fellows.

For the benefit of the untravelled, we should say, that a portage is the fragment of land-passage between the foot and head of a rapid, when the rush of the stream is too strong for the tow-ropes.

At one of the halting-places on Lake Superior, a curious tale was told of the Indian's belief in a Providence, of which it had been the scene.

Three or four years before, a party of Salteaux,

much pressed for hunger, were anxious to reach one of their fishing stations, an island about twenty miles from the shore. The spring had unluckily reached that point when there was neither clear water, nor trustworthy ice. A council was being held, to consider the hard alternatives of drowning and starving, when an old man of influence thus spoke:

"You know, my friends, that the Great Spirit gave one of our squaws a child yesterday; now, he cannot have sent it into the world to take it away again directly. I should therefore recommend the carrying the child with us, as the pledge of safety."

We wish that we could have to record a successful issue to this anticipation. But the transit was too much for the metaphysics of the old Indian. They went on the treacherous ice, it gave way, and eight-and-twenty perished.

The Thunder Mountain, on their route, struck them as "one of the most appalling objects" which they had seen, being a bleak rock twelve hundred feet high above the level of the lake, with a perpendicular face of its full height. The Indians say, that any one who can scale it, and "turn three times on the brink of its fearful wall, will live forever." We presume, by dying first.

But the shores of this mighty lake, or rather fresh-water sea, which seemed destined to loneliness forever, are now likely to hear the din of population and blaze with furnaces and factories. Its southern coasts are found to possess rich veins of copper and silver. Later inquiry has discovered on the northern shore "inexhaustible treasures of gold, silver, copper and tin," and associations have been already formed to work them. Sir George Simpson even speaks of the future probability of their rivaling in point of wealth the Altai chain, and the Uralian mountains.

From Fort William, at the head of Lake Superior, the little expedition entered a river with a polysyllabic name, which leads further on, to the "Far West." The banks were beautiful. When this country shall be peopled, it will be one of the resemblances of the primitive paradise.

It is all picturesque; the river finely diversified with rapids, and with one cataract which, though less in volume than Niagara, throws that far-famed fall into the back-ground, in point of height and wildness of scenery. But we must leave description to the author's pen. "The river, during this day's march, passed through forests of elm, oak, birch, &c., being studded with isles not less fertile and lovely than its banks. And many a spot reminded us of the rich and quiet scenery of England. The paths of the numerous portages were spangled with roses, violets, and many other wild flowers—while the currant, the gooseberry, the raspberry, the plum, the cherry, and even the vine, were abundant. All this bounty of nature was imbued, as it were, with life, by the cheerful notes of a variety of birds, and by the restless flutter of butterflies of the brightest hues." He then makes the natural and graceful reflection—

"One cannot pass through this fair valley without feeling that it is destined to become, sooner or later, the happy home of civilized men, with their bleating flocks, and their lowing herds—with their schools and their churches—with their full garners, and their social hearths. At the time of our visit, the great obstacle in the way of so blessed a consummation was the hopeless wilderness to the eastward, which seemed to bar forever the march of settlement and cultivation, but which will soon be

an open road to the far west with all its riches. That wilderness, now that it is to yield up its long-hidden stores, bids fair to remove the impediments which hitherto it has itself presented. The mines of Lake Superior, besides establishing a continuity of route between the East and the West, will find their nearest and cheapest supply of agricultural produce in the valley of the Kaministiquia.

One of the especial hazards of the forest now encountered them. Passing down a narrow creek near *Lac le Phuc*, fire suddenly burst forth in the woods near them. The flames, crackling and clamoring up each tree, quickly rose above the forest; within a few minutes more the dry grass on the very margin of the waters, was in "a running blaze, and before they were clear of the danger, they were almost enveloped in clouds of smoke and ashes. These conflagrations, often caused by a wanderer's fire, or even by his pipe, desolate large tracts of country, leaving nothing but black and bare trunks, one of the most dismal scenes on which the eye can look. When once the fire gets into the thick turf of the primeval wilderness, it sets everything at defiance. It has been known to smoulder for a whole winter under the deep snow."

Another Indian display quickly followed. After traversing the lake, they were hailed by the warriors of the Salteaux, a band of about a hundred, the fighting men of a tribe of five hundred. Their five chiefs presented a congratulatory address on their safe arrival, requesting an audience, which was appointed, at the rather undiplomatic hour of four next morning. But, while the governor was slumbering, the Indians were preparing means of persuasion more effective, in their conceptions, than even the oratory on which they seem to pride themselves very highly—"while they were napping, the enemy were pelting away at them with their incantations."

In the centre of a conjuring tent—a structure of branches and bark, forty feet in length by ten in width—they kindled a fire; round the blaze stood the chiefs and "medicine men," while as many others as could find room were squatted against the walls. Then, to enlighten and convert the governor, charms were murmured, rattles were shaken, and offerings were committed to the flames. After all these operations the silent spectators, at a given signal, started on their feet and marched round the magic circle, singing, whooping, and drumming in horrible discord. With occasional intervals, which were spent by the performers in taking fresh air, the exhibition continued during the whole night, so that when the appointed hour arrived they were still engaged in their observances. At length the two parties met in the open square of the fort. The Indians dressed in all their glory, a part of which consists in smearing their faces entirely out of sight with colors—the prevailing fashion being, forehead white, nose and cheeks red, mouth and chin black.

The governor and his party of course made their best effort to meet all this magnificence. Lord Caledon and Lord Mulgrave exhibited in regimentals; the rest put on their *dressing-gowns*, which, being of showy patterns, were equally effective. Seated in the "hall of conference," the pipes being sent round, hands shaken, and all due ceremonial having been performed, the Indian orator commenced his harangue in the style with which we have now become familiar. Beginning with the creation, &c. &c., which Sir George cut short, and suddenly dropping down into the practical com-

plaint, "that we had stopped their rum," though our predecessors had promised to furnish it "as long as the waters flowed down the rapids." "Now," said he, in allusion to our empty casks, "If I crack a nut, will water flow from it?"

The governor replied, that the withdrawal of the rum was *not* to save expense but to benefit them. He then gave them his advice on temperance, and promised them a small quantity of rum every autumn. He also promised a present for their civility in bringing their packet of furs, for which they should receive payment besides. Then followed a general and final shaking of hands, and the congress between the English and Chippeway nations broke up to their mutual satisfaction.

The Red river settlement, of which we heard so often during the quarrels between Lord Selkirk and the Company, will yet be a great colony; the soil is very fertile, (one of the most important elements of colonization,) its early tillage producing forty returns of wheat; and, even after twenty years of tillage, without manure, fallow, or green crop, yielding from fifteen to twenty-five bushels an acre. The wheat is plump and heavy, and, besides, there are large quantities of other grain, with beef, mutton, pork, butter, cheese, and wool in abundance. This would be the true country for emigration from our impoverished islands, and will, of course, be crowded when conveyances shall become more manageable. A railroad across Canada must still be a rather Utopian conception, but it might be well worth the expense of making by government, even though it produced nothing for the next half-dozen years, for the multitudes whom it would carry through the heart of this superb country in the half-dozen years after, and for the wealth which they would pour into England in every year to come.

The settlement, however, meets, in its turn, the common chances of an American climate. In winter the cold is intense. The summer is short, and the rivers sometimes overflow and drown the crops. Still, what are these things to the population, where food is plenty, the air healthy, and the ground cheap, fertile and untaxed. In fact, the difficulties, in such instances, are scarcely more than incitements to the ingenuity of man, to provide resources against them. The season of snow is a time of cheerfulness in every land of the north. In Denmark, Russia, and Canada, when the rivers close up, business is laid by for the next six months; and the time of dancing, driving, and feasting begins. Food is the great requisite; when that is found, everything follows.

In addition to agriculture, or in place of it, the settlers, more particularly those of mixed origin, devote the summer, the autumn, and sometimes the winter also, to the hunting of the buffalo, bringing home vast quantities of pemmican, dried meat, grease, tongues, &c., for which the Company and voyaging business affords the best market.

The party now proceeded, still with their faces turned to the west, and marched for some days over an immense prairie, which seemed to them to have been once the bottom of a huge lake. A rather striking circumstance is, that nearly every height in this region has its romance of savage life. We give one of murder, for the benefit of the modern school of novelists.

Many summers ago, a party of Assinabaiahs fell on a party of Crees in the neighborhood of the Beattie a Careajar, a conspicuous knoll in this neighborhood, and nearly destroyed them all. Among the assailants was the former wife of one of the

Crees, who had been carried off from him, in an earlier foray, by her present lord and master. From whatever motive of domestic memory, this Amazon rushed into the thickest of the fight, for the evident purpose of killing the original husband. He, however, escaped; and while the victors were scalping his unfortunate companions, creeping stealthily along for a whole day under cover of the woods, he laid down at night in a hollow at the top of the knoll. But his wife had never lost sight of him, and no sooner had he, in the exhaustion of hunger and fatigue, sunk into a sound sleep, than she sent an arrow into his brain. She then possessed herself of his scalp, and exhibited it as her prize to the victors. The title of the slain savage was the Wolverine, and the spot is still called the Wolverine's Knoll.

The Indians assert that the ghosts of the murderers and her victim are often to be seen struggling on the height.

Human nature, left to itself, is a fierce and frightful thing; and the stories of savage life are nearly all of the same calibre, and all exhibit a dreadful love of revenge. About twenty years ago, a large encampment of Black-feet and others, had been formed in those prairies for the purpose of hunting. The warriors, however, growing tired of their peaceful occupation, resolved to make an incursion into the lands of the Assinabaiahs. They left behind them the old men with the women and children. After a successful campaign, they turned their steps homewards, loaded with scalps and other spoils, and on reaching the top of the ridge that overlooked their camp, they gave note of their approach by the usual shouts of victory. But no shout answered, and on descending to their huts, they found the whole of the inmates slaughtered. The Assinabaiahs had been there to take their revenge.

On beholding the dismal scene, the triumphant warriors cast away their spoils, arms, and clothing, and then, putting on robes of leather, and smearing their heads with mud, they betook themselves to the hills for three days and nights, to howl, and moan, and cut their flesh. It is observed, that this mode of expressing public grief bears a striking resemblance to the customs of the Jews. The tract towards Fort Vancouver exhibited a country which may yet make a great figure in the American world—immense valleys sheltered by mountain ridges, and containing beautiful lakes. In one instance, their tents were pitched in a valley of about five hundred acres, enclosed by mountains on three sides, and a lake on the fourth. From the edge of the waters there arose a gentle descent of six or eight hundred feet, covered with vines, and composed of the accumulated fragments of the heights above; and on the upper border of this slope there stood perpendicular walls of granite of three or four thousand feet high, while among those dizzy altitudes the goats and sheep bounded in playful security. This defile had been the scene of an exploit. One of the Crees, whom they had met a few days before, had been tracked into the valley, along with his wife and family, by five warriors of a hostile tribe. On perceiving the odds against him, the man gave himself up for lost, observing to the woman, that as they could die but once, they had better die without resistance. The wife, however, said, that "as they had but one life to lose, they had the more reason to defend it," and, spitting the action to the word, the heroic wife brought the foremost of the enemy down to the ground by a bullet, while the

husband disposed of two others by two arrows. The fourth warrior was rushing on the woman with uplifted tomahawk, when he stumbled and fell. She darted forward, and buried her knife in his heart. The sole surviving assailant now turned and fled, discharging, however, a bullet which wounded the man in the arm.

They had now reached that rocky range from which the eastern and western rivers of those mighty provinces take their common departure. Here they estimated the height of the pass to be seven or eight thousand feet above sea-level, while the peaks seemed to be nearly half that height above their heads.

Of course, the party often felt the torture of mosquitoes, but one valley was so preëminently infested with those tormentors, that man and beast alike preferred being nearly choked with smoke, in which they plunged, for the sake of escaping their stings. But we advert to this common plague of all forest travel, only for its legendary honors.

"The Canadians vented their curses against the OLD MAID, who had the credit of having brought the scourge upon earth, by praying for something to fill up the leisure of her single blessedness." And if, as the author observes, "the tormentors would confine themselves to nunneries and monasteries, the world might see something more of the fitness of things in the matter."

At the close of August, the party reached Fort Vancouver, having crossed the continent, by a route of five thousand miles, in twelve weeks' traveling.

They now made a visit to the Russian-American Company's Establishment of New Archangel. This exhibited considerable signs of commerce. In the harbor were five sailing vessels from 250 to 350 tons; besides a large bark in the offing in tow of a steamer, which brought advices from St. Petersburg down to the end of April. An officer came off conveying Governor Etholine's compliments and welcome. The party landed, and were received in the residence situated on the top of a rock. The governor's dwelling consisted of a suite of apartments communicating, according to the Russian fashion, with each other, all the public rooms being handsomely decorated and richly furnished. It commanded a view of the whole establishment, which was, in fact, a little village. About half way down the rock, two batteries frowned respectively over the land and the water. Behind the bay arise stupendous piles of conical mountains with summits of everlasting snow. To seaward, Mount Edgecumbe, also in the form of a cone, rears its trunk-headed peak, still remembered as the source of smoke and flame, lava and ashes, but now the repository of the snows of an age. Next day, the governor, in full uniform, came in his gig to return the visit to Sir George on board his steamer. The party were invited on shore, where they were introduced to Madame Etholine, a pretty and lady-like woman, a native of Finland. They then visited the schools, in which there were twenty boys and as many girls; the boys were intended chiefly for the naval service, nor did religion seem to be neglected any more than education. The Greek church had its bishop, fifteen priests, deacons, and followers, and the Lutherans had their clergyman. The ecclesiastics were all maintained by the imperial government. Such is Sitka, the principle depot of the Russian-American Company. It has various subordinate establishments. The operations of the Company are becoming more extensive, and at this period the

returns of the trade amounted to about 25,000 skins of beavers, otters, foxes, &c.

Among the company at the Russian governor's, was a half-breed native, who had been the leader of an expedition equipped some years ago, for the discovery of what would here be styled the north-east passage. The Russians reached Point Barrow shortly after the expedition under Mr. Thomas Simpson had reached the same point from the opposite direction. The climate seems to be sufficiently trying, and during the four days at Sitka there was nearly one continued fall of rain. The weather was cold and squally, snow had fallen, and the channels were traversed by restless masses which had broken off from the glaciers. In short, nothing could exceed the dreariness of the coast.

This shore, of which so much has been said and written during the late Oregon negotiations, is described as the very scene for the steamboat. Here are the Straits of Juan de Fuca; and here Admiral Fonte penetrated up the more northerly inlets. They are the very region made for the steamboat, as in the case of a sailing vessel their dangers and delays would have been tripled and quadrupled. But steam has also a power almost superstitious on the minds of the natives; besides acting on their fears, it has in a great measure subdued their love of robbery and violence. It has given the savage a new sense of the superiority of his white brother.

A striking instance of this feeling is given. After the arrival of the emigrants from Red river, their guide, an Indian, took a short trip in the Beaver. When asked what he thought of her, "Don't ask me," was his reply. "I cannot speak; my friends will think that I tell lies when I let them know what I have seen. Indians are fools, and know nothing. I can see that the iron machinery makes the ship go, but I cannot see what makes the iron machinery itself go." This man, though intelligent, and partly civilized, was nevertheless so full of doubt and wonder that he would not leave the vessel till he had got a certificate to the effect that he had been on board of a ship which needed neither sails nor paddles—any document in writing being regarded by the Indians as unquestionable. Fort Vancouver—which will probably be the head of a great colony, is about ninety miles from the sea, the Colombia in front of it, being a mile in width—contains houses, stores, magazines, &c. Outside the fort, the dwellings of the servants, &c., form a little village. The people of the establishment vary in number, according to the season of the year, from one hundred and thirty to more than two hundred. Divine service is regularly performed every Sunday in English to the Protestants. But at the time of this journal there was unfortunately no English clergyman connected with the establishment.

Sir George himself now visited California, the region which the Mexican war is bringing into prominent notice. The harbor of San Francisco is magnificent, the first view of the shore presented a level sward of about a mile in depth, backed by a ridge of grassy slopes, the whole pastured by numerous herds of cattle and horses, which, without a keeper or a fold, fattened whether their owners waked or slept.

The harbor displays a sheet of water of about thirty miles in length by about twelve in breadth, sheltered from every wind by an amphitheatre of green hills. But this sheet of water forms only a part in the inland sea of San Francisco. Whaler's Harbor, at its own northern extremity, communicates, by a strait of about two miles in width, with

the bay of San Pedro, which leads by means of a second strait into Fresh Water bay, of nearly the same form and magnitude, and which forms the receptacle of two great rivers, draining vast tracts of country to the southeast and northeast, which are navigable for inland craft, so that the harbor, besides its matchless qualities as a port of refuge on this surf-beaten coast, is the outlet of an immense, fair, and fertile region.

But the beauties of nature are useless when they fall into the hands of idlers and fools. Everything in those fine countries seems to be boasting and beggary. Everything has been long sinking into ruin, through mere indolence. The Californians once manufactured the fleeces of their sheep into cloth. They are now too lazy to weave or spin, too lazy even to clip and wash the raw material, and now the sheep have been literally destroyed to make more room for the horned cattle.

They once made the dairy an object of attention; now neither butter nor cheese is to be found in the province. They once produced in the missions eighty thousand bushels of wheat and maize—they were lately buying flour at Monterey at the rate of £6 a sack. Beef was once plentiful—they were now buying salted salmon for the sea-store for one paltry vessel, which constituted the entire line-of-battle of the Californian navy.

The author justly observes, that this wicked abuse of the soil and consequent poverty of the people results wholly from "the objects of the colonization." Thus the emigrants from England to the northern colonies looked to subsistence from the fruits of labor; ploughed, harrowed, and grew rich, and civilized. On the other hand the colonists of "New France," a name which comprehended the valleys of the St. Lawrence and Mississippi, dwindled and pined away, partly because the golden dreams of the free trade carried them away from stationary pursuits, and partly because the government considered them rather as soldiers than settlers. In like manner Spanish America, with its *Serras* of silver, holding out to every adventurer the hope of earning his bread without the sweat of his brow, became the paradise of idlers.

In California, the herds of cattle, and the sale of their hides and tallow, offer so easy a subsistence, that the population think of no other, and in consequence are poor, degenerate, and dwindling. Their whole education consists in bullock-hunting. In this view, unjust and violent as may be the aggressions of the American arms, it is difficult to regret the transfer of the territory into any hands which will bring these fine countries into the general use of mankind, root out a race incapable of improvement, and fill the hills and valleys of this mighty province with corn and man.

At present the produce of a bullock in hide, tallow, and horns, is about five dollars, (the beef goes for nothing,) of which the farmer's revenue is averaged at a dollar and a half. This often makes up a large income. General Vallego, who had about eight thousand head of cattle, must receive from this source about ten thousand dollars a year. The former missions, or monkish revenues, must have been very large; that of San Jose possessing thirty thousand head of cattle, Santa Clara nearly half the number, and San Gabriel more than both together.

It must be acknowledged that the monks had made a handsome affair of holiness in the good old times. Previously to the Mexican revolution their

"missions" amounted, in the upper province alone, to twenty-one, every one of course with its endowment on a showy scale. Every monk had an annual stipend of four hundred dollars. But this was mere pocket-money; they had "donations and bequests" from the living and from the dead, a most capacious source of opulence, and of an opulence continually growing, constituting what was termed the pious fund of California. Besides all these things, they had the cheap labor of eighteen thousand converts. But the drones were to be suddenly smoked out of their hives. Mexico declared itself a republic; and, as the first act of a republic, in every part of the world, is to plunder everybody, the property of the monks went in the natural way. The lands and beeves, the "donations and bequests," were made a national property," in 1825. Still some show of moderation was exhibited, and the names and some of the offices of the missions were preserved. But, in 1836, the Californians took the whole affair into their own hands, threw off the central government, and were "free, independent," and beggared. The missions were then "secularized" at their ease. The Mexican government was furious for a while, and threatened the Californians with all the thunders of its rage; but the vengeance ended in the simple condition, that California should still acknowledge the Mexican supremacy, taking her own way in all that had been done, was doing, and was to be done.

The travellers had now an opportunity of seeing the interior of a Californian mansion, the house of the chief proprietor in this quarter, General Vallego.

We must acknowledge that Sir George Simpson would have much improved his volumes by striking out the whole of this description. It is evident that he was received with civilities of every kind;—he was provided with horses and attendants;—he was taken to see all the remarkable features of the estate and the habits of its people; he was *fêted*, introduced to wife and daughters, sons-in-law and daughters-in-law, sung and danced for, and smiled on and talked with, as if he had been a prince; and yet his whole account of this hospitality throws it into the most repulsive light imaginable;—cold dinners, bad attendance, rude furniture, and so forth, form the staple of his conceptions; and if his book should ever reach General Vallego's hands, which it probably will, through the zeal of American republication, we can easily imagine that he will become cautious in his hospitality for the time to come. We, at least, shall not extend the vexation of this Spanish gentleman by quoting any part of this unfortunate *bevue*. We say this with regret. But this style of repaying generous hospitality cannot be too distinctly reprov'd, for the sake of all future travellers who may want, not merely hospitality, but protection.

The next subject of description is Monterey, which has lately assumed a peculiar interest, as one of the objects of the American invasion. The Bay of Monterey forms a segment of a circle with a chord of about eighteen miles. Monterey had always been the seat of government, though it consisted of but a few buildings. But, since the revolution of 1836, it has expanded into a population of about seven hundred souls. The town occupies a plain, bounded by a lofty ridge. The dwellings are the reverse of pompous, being all built of mud bricks. The houses are remarkable for a paucity

of windows, glass being inordinately dear; even parchement almost unattainable, and the artists in window-making charging three dollars a day!

But, to the Californians, perhaps this privation of light is not an evil. "While it makes the rooms cooler, it cannot, by any possibility, interfere with the occupations of those who do nothing." The bed affords a curious contrast to the rest of the furniture. While the apartments exhibit a deal-table, badly made chairs, probably a Dutch clock, and an old looking-glass, the bed "challenges admiration by snowy-white sheets, fringed with lace, a pile of soft pillows, covered with the finest linen or the richest satin, and a well-arranged drapery of costly and tasteful curtains." Still this bed is "but a whitened sepulchre," with a wool mattress—"the impenetrable stronghold of millions of —." We leave the rest to the imagination.

The history of "Political Causes and Effects" would make a curious volume; and it would admirably display at once the profound agency of Providence and the shortsightedness of human policy. It would scarcely be supposed that the devastation of Europe, and the sack of Berlin, Vienna, and Moscow, found their origin in a Spanish treaty, on the banks of the Mississippi, half a century before.

The power of France in the interior of America, which had extended from Canada to Louisiana, and which formed a line of posts for its boundary along this immense internal frontier, kept the British colonies in a state of constant alarm; and, by consequence, in a state of continual dependence on England. But the English possession of Canada, in 1763, and the cession of Louisiana to Spain at the same period, as they lessened the alarms, loosened the allegiance of the British colonies. The next steps were more obvious. The war of the United States, in which France was an auxiliary, inflamed the French population with the hope of breaking down the strength of England, and the aristocracy of France. But the expense of equipping the French allied force fell heavy on an exchequer already burthened by the showy extravagance of the Regent Orleans, and by the gross profligacies of Louis XV. To relieve the exchequer, the States General were summoned; and from that moment began the revolution. The European war was the result of a republican government, and the conquest of the continent the result of placing Napoleon on the throne of the empire. What further results may be still preparing are beyond our knowledge; but it can scarcely be conceived that the chain is yet finally broken.

But before we take leave of California, we must do it the justice to speak of San Barbara, which, as the author rather emphatically expresses it, is to Monterey "what the parlor is to the kitchen."

The bay is an unfavorable one, being exposed to the "more winds of the worst season." But the town having been selected as the favorite retreat of the more respectable functionaries of the province, Santa Barbara exhibits the charms of aristocratic manners. The houses, externally, are superior to any others on the coast, and, internally, exhibit taste in their furniture and ornament. The ladies excite the author's pen into absolute rapture; their sparkling eyes and glossy hair are, in themselves, sufficient to negative the idea of tameness or insipidity, while their sylph-like figures exhibit fresh graces at every step. This is supported by the more important qualities, of "being by far the more industrious half of the community, and performing

their household duties with cheerfulness and pride."

The men are a handsome race, and the greatest dandies imaginable, completely modelled on the Andalusian Majo, and displaying the finest linen, the most embroidered pantaloons, and the most glittering jackets in the western world. Of course, it cannot be expected of any Spaniards that they should do much, and beaux so fine cannot be expected to do anything. Accordingly, his day is spent in riding from house to house, on a horse as fine as himself, a living machine of trappings, and the nights in dancing, billiard-playing, and flirting.

In all countries where serious things are habitually turned into trifles, trifles become serious things. "The balls, in fact, seem more like a matter of business than anything else that is done in California. For whole days beforehand, sweetmeats are laboriously prepared in the greatest variety, and from beginning to end of the festivities, which have been known to last several successive nights, so as to make the performers, after wearing out their pumps, trip it in sea-boots, both men and women displaying as much gravity as if attending the funeral of their friends."

A still more humanizing portion of their tastes is their passion for music. The guitar is heard in every house. Father, mother, and child are all playing and singing; and, to the praise of their taste be it spoken, playing nothing but the fandangoes, seguidillas, and ballads of Spain; the truest, purest, and most touching of all music; well worth all the hammered harmonies of the German school, and all the long-winded and laborious bravuras of the Italian. The Spanish music is the most refined, and yet the most natural, in the world.

We are happy to see this experienced judge of men and things speaking of the Californians as "a happy people possessing the means of physical pleasure to the full," even though he qualifies the opinion by their "knowing no higher kind of enjoyment."

It is true, that the Englishman, who knows what intellectual enjoyment is, will not abandon that highest, though most toilsome, of all gratifications, for inferior indulgences; but it would be a fortunate hour for the Englishman when he could get rid of some portion of the toil that wears away his life, in exchange for the light-hearted pleasures and simple occupations of foreign existence. Nor is there any man who less prefers the dogged round of his cheerless exertions, or who is more genuinely susceptible of essential enjoyment. We even think that the cultivated Englishman has a finer relish for enjoyment than the man of any other country. The caperings of the Frenchman, or the grimaces of the Italian, have but little connection with the mind. All foreigners seem wretched when they have no physical excitement. There is not a more miserable object on earth than a Frenchman wandering through the streets of London on a Sunday, when he can neither see the print-shops in the day, nor go to the play at night. The German is heart-broken for the same reason, and shrouds himself and his sorrow in double clouds of smoke. The Italian would worship Diana of Ephesus, or the great African snake, if its pageantry or puppet-show would enable him to get through the day of closed shops and no opera! Yet, contemptible as this restless hunting after nothings is, it would be fortunate for us if we could qualify the severity and constancy of our national toil by some mixture of the lighter pursuits of the continent.

The fertility of California is boundless ; it produces everything that human appetite can desire. In the mission-garden of San Gabriel were produced grapes, oranges, lemons, olives, figs, bananas, plums, peaches, apples, pears, pomegranates, raspberries, strawberries, &c., &c., while in the adjoining mission were found, in addition, tobacco, the plantain, the cocoanut, the indigo plant, and the sugar-cane.

But nature is nothing, in this country, without a miracle ; and the history of every village probably furnishes its legend. The missions, however, may be presumed to be the peculiar favorites of Heaven.

"When Padre Pedro Cambon, and Padre Somera, were selecting a site for the mission, escorted by ten soldiers, a multitude of Indians, armed, presented themselves, and, setting up horrid yells, seemed determined to oppose its establishment. The fathers, fearing that war would ensue, took out a piece of cloth with the image of our lady upon it, and held it up in view of the barbarians. This was no sooner done, than the whole were quiet, being subdued by the sight of this most precious image ; and throwing on the ground their bows and arrows, their two captains came running to lay the beads, which they had round their necks, at the feet of the sovereign queen, in proof of their tender regard." We recommend the trial of this holy cloth on General Taylor.

But there is no limit to the richness of this region. The valley of the Zulares, in the neighborhood, would support millions of people. Its lakes and rivers all abound in fish, its forests have all kinds of trees, some of them growing to a size which, but for the force of testimony, would be incredible. One of these is stated by Humboldt as of one hundred and eighteen feet in girth. "But this is a walking-stick compared with another at Bodega, as described to Sir George by Governor Etholine, of Sitka. It is thirty-six Russian fathoms (seven feet each) in span, and seventy-five in height ; so that, if tapered into a perfect cone, it would contain nearly twenty-two thousand tons of bark and timber. In addition, the valley contains immense herds of wild horses, in troops of several thousands each. What a country will this be, when it shall fall into the hands of an intelligent people !

The last of the five posts, San Diego, is, next to San Francisco, the best harbor in the province. Thus, Upper California contains, at its opposite extremities, two of the best harbors on the Pacific Ocean ; each of them being enhanced in value by the distance of any others worthy of the name, San Francisco being nearly one thousand miles from Port Discovery in the north, and San Diego six hundred miles from the Bay of Magdalena in the south.

That in the hands of any vigorous possessors this country would form a most powerful kingdom, is beyond all question ; and Sir George Simpson evidently thinks that it might easily be acquired, and with a legitimate claim too, by England. But the still higher question is the policy of a perpetual increase of territory. England already has in America a larger extent of territory than she can people for five hundred years to come. But the possession of California, and perhaps the whole extent of the Mexican provinces, is on the eve of decision ; the American invasion has found no resistance that can deserve the name. The Mexicans fly in every quarter, and a few discharges of cannon put them

to flight by thousands. At this moment the whole Mexican republic, equal in size to half a dozen European states, appears to be crumbling into fragments. The rambling expeditions of the Americans are ravaging it in all directions with impunity, and armies which might have been long since annihilated by a mere guerilla war, have been suffered to march from city to city, with scarcely more resistance than a cattle-stealing skirmish. By the last intelligence, San Juan d' Ulloa has fallen, and Vera Cruz has capitulated after a siege of only three days and a half. The castle is the strongest fortification in the western world—and, as Napoleon said of Malta, "It is lucky that it had somebody inside to open the gates for us." the garrison of this fortress seems to have been placed there merely for the purpose of surrendering it. But, whatever may be the fate of men who had such a fortress to defend, and yet whose defence actually cost the assailants but *seventeen* killed ! there can be but one feeling of commiseration for the unhappy inhabitants of Vera Cruz, on whom was rained, day and night, a shower of shot and shell amounting to more than seven thousand of those tremendous missiles. It is computed that the slaughter, and that slaughter chiefly of women and children, amounts to thousands. These are terrible things, even where they may be supposed the necessities of war. But here we can discover no necessity—Vera Cruz was no fortification, it was nearly an open town. We recollect no similar instance of a bombardment. In Europe, it has long been a rule of military morals, that no open city shall ever be bombarded. We believe it to be the boast of the first living soldier in the world—and we could have no more honorable one—that he never suffered a city to be bombarded ; from the obvious fact, that the chief victims were the helpless inhabitants, while the soldiery are sheltered by the casemates and bomb-proofs.

At all events, we must regard the contest as decided. The government has exhibited nothing more than a sullen resolution ; and the people little more than the apathy of their own cattle ; the troops have exhibited no evidence of discipline, and the only resource of the finance has been in the wild projects of an empty exchequer. Whether the United States will be the more prosperous for this conquest, is a question of time alone. Whether the facility of the conquest may not make the multitude frantic for general aggression—whether the military men of the states may not obtain a popularity and assume a power which has been hitherto confined to civil life—whether the attractions of military career may not turn the rising generation from the pursuits of trade and tillage, to the idle, or the ferocious life of the American campaigner—and whether the pressure of public debt, the necessity for maintaining their half-savage conquests by an army, and the passion for territorial aggrandizement, may not urge them to a colonial war with England—are only parts of the great problem which the next five-and-twenty years will compel the American republic to solve.

At the same time, we cannot avoid looking upon the invasion of Mexico as a portion of that extraordinary and mysterious agency which is now shaking all the great stagnant districts of the world ; which has already awaked Turkey in Europe and in Asia Minor ; which has brought Egypt into civilized action ; which has broken down the barbarism of the Algerines, and planted the French standard in place of the furies and profigacies of African Mahometanism. Deeply deprecating the guilt of

those aggressions, and condemning the crimes by which they have been sustained, we cannot but regard changes so unexpected, so powerful, and so simultaneous, as the operation of a higher power than man's, with objects altogether superior to the short-sightedness of man, and amply bearing the character of working good out of evil, which belongs to the history of Divine Providence in all the ages of the world.

There is one peculiarity in these volumes which we cannot sufficiently applaud, and that is, the thoroughly English spirit in which they are written. Without weak partiality, for the reasons are everywhere assigned; without narrow prejudice, for the facts are in all instances stated; and without derogating from the merits of other nations, the work is calculated to give a just conception of the value of England to the world.

On his return from the Sandwich Isles—an interesting portion of his travels, to which we have not now time to advert in detail—and preparing to start from the Russian post of New Archangel by a five months' journey through the Russian empire, he gives a glance at what he has done.

"I have," says he, "threaded my way round nearly half the globe, traversing about 220 degrees of longitude, and upwards of 100 of latitude, barely one fourth of this by the ocean. Notwithstanding all this, I have uniformly felt more at home, with the exception of my first sojourn at Sitka, than I should have felt in Calais. I have everywhere seen our race, under a great variety of circumstances, either actually or virtually invested with the attributes of sovereignty."

After a few words on the vigor of the English blood, as exhibited in the commerce, intelligence, and activity of the United States, he returns to the immediate possessions and prowess of England. "I have seen the English posts which stud the wilderness from the Canadian lakes to the Pacific Ocean. I have seen English adventurers with that innate power which makes every individual, whether Briton or American, a real representative of his country, monopolizing the trade, and influencing the destinies of California. And, lastly, I have seen the English merchants of a barbarian archipelago, which promises, under their guidance, to become the centre of the traffic of the east and the west, of the new world and the old. In saying all this, I have seen less than half the grandeur of the English race. How insignificant in comparison are all the other nations of the earth, one nation alone excepted. Russia and Great Britain literally gird the globe where either continent has the greatest breadth; a fact which, taken in connexion with their early annals, can scarcely fail to be regarded as the work of a special Providence. After the fall of the Roman empire, a scanty and obscure people suddenly burst on the west and east, as the dominant race of the times; one swarm of the Normans making its way to England, while another was establishing its supremacy over the Slavonians of the Borysthènes, the two being to meet in opposite directions at the end of a thousand years."

He regards the gigantic power of Russia as in an unconscious copartnership with England in the grand cause of commerce and civilization. He also makes the curious and true remark that, notwithstanding the astonishing successes of the Normans in Europe, they were never numerous enough to establish their language in any of the conquered countries. Their unparalleled successes, therefore, seem to express the idea that those feeble bands of

warriors were strengthened everywhere to accomplish the purposes of Providence.

We now come to the overland journey to Siberia. On the 23d of July, they reached the port of Ochotsk, where, however, they were met by masses of floating ice. Here Sir George had the first intelligence from England, which brought to his English heart the glad tidings of the birth of a Prince of Wales. They found this settlement a collection of huts on a shingly beach. The population is about 800 souls. A more dreary scene can scarcely be conceived than the surrounding country. Not a tree, and even scarcely a green blade, is to be seen within miles of the town. The climate is on a par with the soil. The summer consists of three months of damp and chilly weather, during great part of which the snow still covers the hills, and the ice chokes the harbor, and this is succeeded by nine months of dreary winter. But when men find fault with such a climate as this, the fact is, that the fault is their own. Those climates were never intended for the residence of man; they were intended for the white bear, the seal, the whale, and the fur-bearing animals. To those inhabitants they are perfectly adapted. If the rage of conquest, or the eagerness for gain, fixes human beings in the very empire of winter, they are intruders, and must suffer for their unsuitable choice of a locale.

The principal food of the inhabitants is fish. On fish they feed themselves; their dogs—which are equivalent to their carriage horses—their cattle, and their poultry, are also chiefly fed on fish. All other provisions are ruinously dear. Flour costs twenty-eight rubles the pood—(a ruble is worth about a franc, the pood is thirty-six English pounds.) Beef is so dear as to be regarded as a treat, and wines and groceries have to pay a land carriage of seven thousand miles.

Here, too, the people drink tea in the style in which it was introduced in more primitive days into Europe. It is of the kind known as brick tea, being made up in cakes, and is consumed in great quantities by the lower orders in Siberia, being made into a thick soup, with the addition of butter and salt.

On the 27th of the month, they began their journey across Siberia. After leaving the shore, and boating the river Ochota, to an encampment where they were to meet their horses, hired at the rate of forty-five rubles a horse, on an agreement to be conveyed to Yakutsk in eighteen days, they struck into the country, which exhibited forests of pine, their progress being about four or five miles an hour. The Yakuti appear to be very industrious; young and old, male and female, being always occupied in some useful employment. When not engaged in travelling or farming, men and boys make saddles, harness, &c.; while the women and girls keep house, dress skins, prepare clothing, and attend to the dairy. They are also remarkably kind to strangers; for milk and cream, the best things they had to give, were freely offered in every village. This was the 10th of July, yet the snow was still partially lying on the ground. From day to day they met caravans of horses; and one day they were startled by the shouts of a party at the head of them. Their next sight was a herd of cattle running wildly in all directions, and the cause was seen in a huge she-bear and her cub moving off at a round trot. On this route, the bears are both fierce and numerous. The country had now become more fertile; there was no want of flowering plants, and the forests were enlivened by the warbling of birds, which,

contrasted as it was with the deathlike silence, of the American woods, was peculiarly grateful to the ear. In the course of the day, the vexatious incident occurred of meeting the courier, with the letters from England, which had been looked for so anxiously on the arrival of the travellers in Siberia; but the bags of course could not be opened on the road.

The presence of the Cossack, who attended the party, was of great importance in quickening the movements of the natives; but they seemed kind and good-natured, full of civility to the strangers, and not without some degree of education. The Yakuti have a singular mode of estimating distances. In Germany, a common measure of distance is the time that it takes to smoke a pipe. In this part of Siberia, they take as their unit the time necessary for boiling a kettle of a particular sort of food. They tell you, that such and such a place is so many kettles off, or half a kettle, or, as the case may be, only part of a kettle.

At last they arrive at the Lena. This is described as one of the grandest rivers in the world. At a distance of thirteen hundred versts from the sea, (three versts are equal to two miles,) it is from five to six miles wide. Its entire length is not less than four thousand versts. The word Lena implies lazy—a name justified by the circuitous flowing of its stream. At Yakutsk, the seat of the governor, they were received with great civility in this capital of the province, latitude sixty-two north, and longitude one hundred and thirty east. The extreme temperature of summer and winter is almost beyond belief, the thermometer having risen in the shade to 106° of Fahrenheit, and in winter having fallen to 53° below zero—making a difference of 159°. In this district are the enormous deposits of mammoth bones. Spring after spring, the alluvial banks of the lakes and rivers, crumbling under the thaw, have given up their dead; and the islands opposite to the mouth of the Yana, and, as there was reason for believing, even the bed of the ocean itself, teems with those mysterious memorials of antiquity. The question is, how do those bones come there? Sir George, after giving the opinions of some of the professors of geology, conceives the most natural account of the phenomenon to be, that those animals, or their bones, were swept from the great Tartarian pasturages of Cobi, by the waters of the deluge, towards the ocean. We must acknowledge that this has long been our own opinion. It must be remembered that the scriptural account states the rising of the deluge to have been gradual. The rain fell forty days and nights. All living things would of course make their way to the heights to escape the rising inundation of the valleys. The cattle thus grouped together in immense herds, (the buffaloes in the prairies at the present day sometimes exceed five thousand in one pasturage,) thus gathered into one mass, would be finally submerged, and swept away in whatever irresistible current rushed over the spot on which they stood. The frost of the region, which penetrates the earth to the depth apparently of some hundred feet, would thenceforth preserve them from decay. The tusks form an article of considerable trade, the ivory selling from a shilling to one and ninepence a pound, according to the perfection of the tusks.

One of the travellers' especial wishes was, to have visited the town of Kiachta, the place of commerce between the Russians and the Chinese. But a note from the governor mentioned that the Chinese had suddenly stopped all communication. But

a few words may be given to a commerce so peculiar. By the treaty of Nerstshinsk, a reciprocal liberty of traffic was stipulated; and accordingly caravans on the part of the Russian government, and individual traders, used to visit Pekin. But the Muscovites exhibited so much of the native habits in "drinking and roystering," that, after exhausting the patience of the celestials during three-and-thirty years, they were wholly excluded. But a cessation of five years having taken place, the Russians, in 1728, obtained a treaty, by which individuals were permitted to trade on the frontier; and Kiachta was built. But public caravans were permitted to go on to Pekin. At length, in 1762, Catherine fixed the grand emporium at Kiachta.

This town, standing on a beach of the same name, is within about half a furlong of the Chinese village of Maimatchia, (about the fiftieth parallel of latitude,) being one thousand miles from Pekin, and four thousand from Moscow. Such are the enormous distances through which the eagerness for money-making drives the children of men.

The materials of the Russian traffic are furs, woollens, cottons, linen, &c., with articles in tin, copper, iron, &c.—the whole amounting to about nineteen millions of rubles. The Chinese products are tea, silks, sugar candy, &c.—nominally to the amount of seven millions of rubles, but probably rising to thrice the value. The chief time of the market is the winter. To the chief Russian merchants this is a species of monopoly, and a most thriving one, some of them being *millionaires*, and living in the most sumptuous manner, the "merchant princes" of the wilderness!

We had some curiosity to know the condition of the exiles to Siberia from this intelligent eye-witness. But he gives little more than a glance to a subject on which the public mind of England is at present so much engaged. In Russia corporal punishment is much in use; but criminals are seldom put to death. They are marched off to Siberia for every kind of offence, from the highest political crime to petty larceny. The most heinous offenders are sent to the mines; those guilty of minor delinquencies are settled in villages, or on farms; and those guilty of having opinions different from those of the government—statesmen, authors, and soldiers—are generally suffered to establish themselves in little knots, where they spread refinement through the country. The consequence is, that "all grades of society are decidedly more intelligent than the corresponding grades in any other part of the empire, and perhaps more so than in most parts of Europe."

Many of the exiles are now men of large income.—"The dwelling in which we breakfasted to-day," says the traveller, "was that of a person who had been sent to Siberia *against his will*. Finding that there was but one way of bettering his condition, he worked hard, and behaved well. He had now a comfortably furnished house and a well-cultivated farm, while a stout wife, and plenty of servants, bustled about the premises. His son had just arrived from St. Petersburg, to visit his exiled father, and had the pleasure of seeing him amid all the comforts of life, reaping an abundant harvest, and with *one hundred and forty persons* in his pay!"

He adds, "In fact, for the *reforming* of the criminal, in addition to the punishment of the crime, Siberia is undoubtedly the best *penitentiary* in the world. When not bad enough for the mines, each exile is provided with an allotment of ground, a

house, a horse, two cows, agricultural implements, and, for the first year, with provisions. For three years he pays no taxes whatever, and for the next ten, only half the full amount. To bring fear as well as hope to operate in his favor, he clearly understands, that his very first slip will send him from his home and family to toil in the mines. Thus does the government bestow an almost paternal care on the less atrocious criminals."

Yet with this knowledge before the British government—for we must presume that they had not overlooked the condition of the Russian exiles; and with the still more impressive knowledge of the growth of our Australian colonies, and the improvement of the convicts; the new-fangled and most costly plan is now to be adopted of *reforming* our criminals by keeping them at home! Thus we are to save the national expenditure by building huge penitentiaries, which will cost millions of money, and to secure society from depredation, by annually pouring out from those prisons, as the time of their sentences expires, the whole crowd of villany to live on villany once more;—making the very streets a place of danger, and filling the country with hungry crime.

The only argument on the opposite side is, that the free settlers are offended by finding themselves in a population of convicts. But to this the obvious answer is, that the colonization of Australia was originally intended as a school of reform—that the convicts have been to a great extent reformed, which they never would have been at home—that the convicts were in the colony first, and that the settlers going there with their eyes open, have no reason to complain.

We then have a notice on another subject, which is at present engrossing the speculations of all Europe, namely, the gold country on the Yenissei. Krasnoyayk, the capital, stands in a plain in the centre of the district, where the mania of gold-washing broke out about fifteen years ago. Some individuals have been singularly lucky in their search. One person, after having labored in vain for three years, and expending a million and a half of rubles, suddenly, in this very year, had hit upon a depot which gave him a hundred and fifty poods of gold—worth thirty-five thousand rubles each, or five millions and a half of rubles. Gold here measures everything: a lady's charms are by weight, "a pood is a good girl, and two or three poods are twice or thrice as good as a wife." This province alone has, in this year, yielded five hundred poods of gold.

Ekatérineburg is the centre of the mining district of the Uralian mountains. The population amounts to about fourteen thousand, who are all connected with the mines. The town has an iron foundry, a mint for copper and silver coin, and various establishments for cutting marble, porphyry, and polishing precious stones. The neighboring mountains appear to be nature's richest repository of minerals, yielding, in great abundance, diamonds, amethysts, topazes, &c.; gold, silver, iron, and platina. These inexhaustible treasures chiefly belong to Count Demidoff and M. Yakovleff. The count is said to receive half a million sterling a year from this princely property.

Hurrying now towards England, with the anxiety which every one feels to reach home as the end of a long journey seems to be nigh, the traveller passed through Kazan, second in national honor to Moscow, but found it in ashes from a late fire. He then hurried on to Nishney-Novgorod, the place of

the greatest fair in the world, where the traffic brings traders from the ends of the earth, and where the trade amounts to nineteen millions sterling a year. He then traversed the property of General Sheremetieff, an estate of *two days' journey*, with a hundred thousand serfs—a comfortable race when under a good master, each head of a family having a farm, and paying its rent, part in produce and part in work. The people appear to be a gay race—singing everywhere; singing on the roads, singing at work, and singing at cutting up their cabbages for the national *luxury* of *saurkraut*.

At length was seen looming in the west, with all its steeples and domes, the queen of the wilderness, Moscow the magnificent—the most frequently-burned of all cities, and, as Sir George observes, the most *retaliatory* on the burners—it having been burned to embers *four* times, and each time having seen the incendiary nation ruined. It must be admitted, however, that the revenge, however sure, was slow, for it seldom occurred in less than a couple of centuries!—Napoleon's fate being the only instance of promptitude on this point.

From Moscow to St. Petersburg, a macadamized road of seven hundred versts conveyed the traveller to the northern city of the czar, where, on the 8th of October, he terminated a journey from Ochotsk, of about seven thousand miles. In eight days from St. Petersburg he reached Hamburg, and in five days more arrived in London, having rounded the globe in a period of nineteen months and twenty-six days!

We have given an abstract of this work with the more satisfaction, that it not merely supplies a certain knowledge of vast regions of which the European world knows little; but that it gives a favorable view of the condition, the habits, and the temper, of the multitudes of our fellow-men, spread over those immense spaces of the globe. Personally, of course, a man of the official rank and individual intelligence of the writer, might expect the hospitality of the Russian employés. But he seems to have been met with general kindness—to have experienced no injury, no obstacle, and no extortion; and, on the whole, having exhibited the good sense which disregards the inevitable annoyances of all journeys in distant countries, to have escaped all the severer ones which an ill-tempered traveller naturally brings upon himself. But the feature of his volumes on which we place the still higher value, is the honesty of his English spirit. He knows the value of his country; he does justice to her principles; he gives the true view of her power; he vindicates her intentions; and without depreciating the merits of foreign nations, he pays a manly tribute to the truth, by doing deserved honor to his own.

WHAT we call good sense in the conduct of life, consists chiefly in that temper of mind which enables its possessor to view at all times, with perfect coolness and accuracy, all the various circumstances of his situation: so that each of them may produce its due impression on him, without any exaggeration arising from his own peculiar habits. But to a man of an ill-regulated imagination, external circumstances only serve as hints to excite his own thoughts, and the conduct he pursues has in general far less reference to his real situation, than to some imaginary one, in which he conceives himself to be placed; in consequence of which, while he appears to himself to be acting with the most perfect wisdom and consistency, he may frequently exhibit to others all the appearances of folly.—*Stewart.*

TABLE ETIQUETTE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

The following *Bill of Fare* for the new year, quoted from a scarce book entitled "The Second Part of Youth's Behavior, or Decency in Conversation amongst Women," 12mo, 1664, shows the kind of viands under which the tables of our ancestors groined at this festive season.

"1. Brawn. 2. A boiled capon with oysters and sausages. 3. A sirloin, or ribs of roasted beef. 4. A roasted goose. 5. Minced pies. 6. A roasted turkey. 7. A marrow pie. 8. A made dish of bread pudding. 9. A roasted capon. 10. Larks, partridges, or woodcocks, which may be best provided. 11. Lamb. 12. A tart of wardens or quinces. 13. Tame pigeons. 14. A dried neat's tongue. 15. Anchovies."

In connection with the above subject, and as illustrative of the progress of civilization and etiquette since the seventeenth century, we extract from the first part of the "Youth's Behavior," &c., certain amusing rules concerning

"CARRIAGE AT THE TABLE.

"1. Being set at the table, scratch not thyself, and take thou heed as much as thou canst [not] to spit, cough, and to blow thy nose; but if it be needful, do it dexterously without much noise, turning thy face sidelong.

"2. Take not thy repast like a glutton.

"3. Break not bread with thy hands, but cut it with a knife, if it be not very little, and very new, and that all the others did the same, or the major part.

"4. Cast not thyself upon the table with thy arms stretched even to thy elbows. And put not thy shoulders, or thine arms, on their chairs indecently.

"5. Eat not with cheeks full, and with open mouth.

"6. Sop not in wine, if thou be'st not the master of the house, or hast some indisposition or other. * *

"8. Taking salt, beware that thy knife be not greasy when it ought to be wiped, or the fork; one may do it neatly with a little piece of bread, or, as in certain places, with a napkin, but never with a whole loaf. * *

"10. Blow not upon thy meat, but if it be hot, stay until it be cold. * *

"11. Smell not to thy meat, and if thou holdest thy nose to it, set it not afterwards before another.

"12. Besmear not any bread round about with thy fingers, but when thou wilt cut some bread, wipe them first if they be greasy; therefore take heed, as nigh as thou canst, of fouling thy hands, or of greasing thy fingers, and, having a spoon or fork, make use of it; it becometh thee, according to the custom of the best bred. * *

"14. One ought not to cast under the table, or on the ground, bones, parings, wine or such like things; notwithstanding, if one be constrained to spit something which was hard to chew, or which causeth irksomeness, then may one throw it dexterously forth upon the ground, taking it decently with two fingers, or with the left hand half shut, so that it be not a liquid thing; in such case one may more freely spit it on the ground, turning oneself, if it be possible, somewhat aside, as hath been said here above. * *

"12. It is undecent to soil the table cloth, and that which is worse, to clean one's face, or wipe

away one's sweat with the napkin, or with the same clean one's nose, one's trencher, or the dish. * *

"26. Suck no bones, at least in such wise that one may hear it; take them not with two hands, but with one solely and properly. Gnaw them not, nor tear the flesh with thy teeth, as dogs do; but make use of thy knife, holding them with one hand, or rather with two fingers, as nigh as thou canst. Knock no bones upon thy bread, thy trencher, to get out the marrow of them, but get out the marrow with a knife. * *

"34. Cleanse not thy teeth with a table cloth or napkin, or with thy finger, fork or knife; much worse would it be to do so with thy nails, but use thy toothpick. * * " *Sharpe's Magazine.*

THE HUNTSMAN.—A BALLAD.

"SWEET brother, go not to the chase,

Ah, rest with me at home!

There is a shadow on thy face,

Foretelling woes to come;

And I have dreamed a ghastly dream,

Oh, woful sight to see!

It was thy steed swam down the stream,

And riderless was he!"

"Look, gentle one, where at the gate

My generous courser stands,

And bends his arching neck, elate,

Beneath his master's hands!

Fear not, fear not! My steed and I

Are trusty friends and tried,

And I'll be with thee faithfully,

An hour ere eventide."

"Yet think upon the day of tears

Thou leav'st behind for me!

Have patience with a woman's fears,

They spring from love of thee.

Oh stay! and I for thee will sing

Songs thou hast loved erewhile,

And strive and seek for everything

The slow hours to beguile!"

"Full sweetly passeth, gentle one,

With thee, each placid hour,

And we will rest, ere set of sun,

In thine own myrtle bower.

But now—the breeze is on the hills,

The day is in the skies,

The free bird's song the forest fills

With countless melodies!

"I must away—adieu—adieu!"

He vaulted on his steed,

And blithely glanced his eye of blue

O'er river, hill, and mead.

But plaintively, and pleadingly,

That gentle one spake on,

"Oh, stay, for I have none but thee!

Oh, stay!"—and he was gone!

At eventide, when darkly red

The sun sank from the shore,

They brought that youthful hunter dead,

Home to his sister's door.

No words they said, but she looked well

Upon each eye and cheek,

And *knew* the tale they came to tell—

Without a start or shriek.

She rose, and sought the lowly bier,

And, kneeling by the place,

She laid her cheek, without a tear,

Beside her brother's face.

Awhile they paused—but when they strove

To lift her drooping head,

They found that thus, in silent love,

The gentle one was dead!

Sharpe's Magazine.

From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

NEW BEDFORD—WHALING—OLD NEWSPAPERS,
ETC.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., June 10, 1847.

I HAVE thought that perhaps a few paragraphs from a quondam correspondent and friend, penned at the chief city of all fishing communities along this coast, might interest you. I say *city*, for New Bedford has recently been *made* a city by an act of the "most grave and potent" senators of this state.

New Bedford is a very pleasant, I may also say a very beautiful place. Seen from the further end of the long bridge which spans the bay in front of it, and connects it with Fairhaven, it rises up from the water's edge most magnificently, and has a very imposing aspect. It appears still finer and nobler when seen by one who approaches from the sea. As the streets which are parallel to the water rise one above another on the wide slope upon which it stands, the city looms up in a very amphitheatrical style. And at this season the great number of trees and abundance of shrubbery, in the extensive gardens which are adjacent to very many of the houses, give increased beauty to the scene. In the lower portions of the city, near the docks and the shipping, the houses are more compactly situated, and the place is more business-like than in the uppermost streets, and especially the last two or three.

It is on these commanding heights that many of those rich men live who have made their fortunes in the whale trade. There live the Rodmans—at least many of them—the Roaches, the Arnolds, and others of the magnates—families of wealth, taste, and an elegant refinement which would do honor to any part of our great republic. There they live *en prince*, surrounded with everything, so far as the passer-by can see, of this world, which heart can desire. In the summer they are fanned by the cool breezes which are wafted to them over Buzzard's bay, and which at one time agitate in the most gentle manner the sweet foliage of their Hesperian gardens, and at another blow with a force that almost threatens to prostrate, if not uproot, the smaller and more abundantly leaved of the trees which embower their abodes.

The city of New Bedford has a population of about 16,000 I am told. This estimate, however, probably includes the whole *town*, and in that case embraces a suburban population which is scattered over a considerable district. The place has increased very much since the time of my first visit—some thirteen or fourteen years ago. Quite a number of new houses have been built within the last two or three years.

Including a few small places in the vicinity whose shipping is registered here, the number of whaling ships which belong to New Bedford is about 300—quite a respectable fleet, most certainly, and manned by about 9,000 seamen.

The entire number of whaling vessels belonging to the United States (of which the greater part sail from this port, Nantucket, New London and Sag Harbor) is estimated at 700, and the number of seamen necessary to man them is between eighteen and twenty thousand. The names, last reported position, with their ascertained cargoes, prospect, etc., of all these vessels, are given in that strangest of periodicals in this land, *The Whaling Gazette*.

It is a singular fact that these United States possess more whaling ships than all the rest of the world beside. And this is owing to the superior

skill, activity, perseverance, sobriety and general capacity of our seamen, and especially of our captains and mates; as to the common seamen, nearly one half, if not quite, are foreigners—Portuguese, Spaniards, Danes, Germans, etc. Of these the Portuguese are probably the best, on account of their temperate habits.

It is strange, but nevertheless true, that England has now but few ships engaged in this trade; France has some by the aid of heavy bounties; the northern countries of the continent (Holland, Germany, &c.) have a few vessels in this business; while Russia has not more than one, if I am rightly informed. This catching of whales requires more expertness than men possess who drink as much of the ardent and of beer as do the seamen of northern Europe. Even John Bull is too stupid for this work, whatever other great feats he may be equal to.

But a truce to this subject—to whales, whale catching, whale oil, sperm, &c., for other topics solicit your attention.

While passing a few days with my friend, Mr. O. C—, a most worthy man, honored of all who know him, I have employed my leisure moments in various ways. Sometimes in strolling about the city, or wandering out into the adjacent fields and forests; sometimes in visiting a few friends whose acquaintance I have made—among whom I may name one whom all very highly esteem who have the pleasure to know him, the Hon. Mr. Grinnell, who most worthily represents this district in the House of Representatives of the United States—and sometimes in rummaging among whatever *antiquities* I can find in the place. A day or two ago I got hold of several numbers of the Boston Evening Post of dates anterior to the revolution.

Have you ever seen a copy of that wonderful sheet? Its dimensions were very small, in comparison with the mammoth papers of our day, being only about 18 inches long by 10 wide, and containing only three columns on each of its four pages. Small as this periodical was, it often had a large amount of intelligence. For instance, the number for Sept. 7th, 1770, contains, *inter alia*, an address of thanks to those ministers of Boston who favored the Rev. Mr. Whitefield and his preaching; then follow some five columns filled with items of news, generally in a very compressed form, just received by the ship *Lydia*, "arrived here last Thursday, in seven weeks from London." These paragraphs relate to all sorts of matters, without much regard to congruity. We are told, for instance, that "the Right Hon. the Earl of Chatham, whose assertions are now so fatally verified in the late capture of Fort Egmont by the Spaniards, is expected in town tomorrow, to be present at a meeting of the minority." Almost immediately follows an account of the execution at Tyburn of a man "who had robbed different persons of no less than 150 watches within one year last past"—a fact which shows that there were some very bad men in the days of our fathers, as well as in our more degenerate times. We are next told that "Lord Dunmore has recovered from sickness and is about to return to his post as governor of New York." Then we have a notice of Lord Mansfield having "a long conference with his majesty on Thursday last." These five columns contain *ninety-five* items of news, in as many paragraphs, of every variety of importance. "Mr. Wilkes (the celebrated John Wilkes) seems to be enjoying the solid advantages of his popularity with little noise." "General

Paoli pays his respects at the (British) court, and at the same time is much caressed by the ministry." "A grand Turkish army of 130,000 men, commanded by the grand vizier in person," is represented to be "in full march to Bender."

John Wilkes' name occurs several times. In one of the paragraphs is the following *eulogy* upon that singular and very notorious personage: "Perhaps no man living has been so honored and disgraced, in a very few years, as John Wilkes, Esq.; prosecuted, wounded, expelled, outlawed, outlawry reversed, imprisoned, repeatedly chosen member for the first county, rejected, chosen alderman of London, and at length master of one of the largest companies in that city."

On the third page is found the domestic news, under the heads of New York, Portsmouth, Quebec, Boston, etc. The portion relating to Boston contains several items which show that a very hostile spirit existed between the citizens and the government. There is under this head a letter from a "gentleman in London to his friend in that town." I give two or three extracts, from which we learn with what feelings the resistance of the colonies was regarded by some people in the "mother country."

"All wise and candid men among us lament the unhappy contests betwixt Britain and its colonies; we see and feel the malignant effects of their continuance. May He who hath the hearts of kings in his hands deliver you from the iron hand and rod of tyranny which lies grievously upon you!"

"The many rash and unconstitutional measures which the men in power have of late pursued have so embarrassed and distressed them, that they must soon strike some desperate blow, or quit the field of contest. It is a happy event that the city of London appears to think so justly and act so firmly in the present crisis; two notable instances of which have just now happened, viz: in the choice of a most worthy member to represent them in Parliament, without any opposing candidate—a thing which is said not to have happened for more than a century past—and the verdict of the two juries, acquitting the sellers of Junius' letter."

"These convulsions in the world are to open and prepare the way for those *times of refreshing* for which, according to the divine promise, we steadfastly look. The whole creation groans, and will continue to groan, under the tyranny of that proud spirit, who is called the prince of this world, and of the little tyrants in whom he works, till the times are accomplished, and the mystery of God is finished. That happy period we hope is hastening, and Satan now rages, as knowing his time is but short.—But here is the proper trial of the patience, the faith, and the fortitude of the saints. That yours, dear sir, and that of our afflicted brethren in the American colonies, especially in your city, may continue firm, and abound, and have great recompense of reward, is the earnest prayer of, sir, Yours, &c."

Divers advertisements are found on the third and fourth pages, which indicate the nature of the trade and general business of the capital of "yankee land" in those days.

In another number of the same paper I find several advertisements respecting negroes who were to be sold or who had run away, but of such a nature that I infer that the commerce in that article was not very brisk even at that day.

In one number is an account of the death of "Mr. Whitefield," as he is uniformly styled, and

of his funeral, at Newburyport—the people of that place having refused to allow the remains of that great and good man to be transferred to Boston for sepulture, although the people of that city had sent a large and most respectable delegation of "gentlemen" to solicit that favor. A short, but in the main discriminating and just eulogy on that wonderful and faithful servant of Christ is contained in the same number.

But I must bring this communication to a conclusion. Perhaps I shall pick up something else for your columns "along these shores," before I quit them. I can assure you that the sweet breezes from the sea are beginning to be quite refreshing, as the sun becomes more and more vertical, and pours his fiery fluid down in no stinted measure during the hours about mid-day.

JOLLY TARS—THE BRITISH NAVY.

It is remarkable that in the recent debates on manning the navy and army, the sole reliance for obtaining men was upon the mercenary "inducements:" from the tone of the speakers you would suppose that there was no such thing among the people as a spontaneous impulse "to go to sea" or "to go to the wars." Is it so? If it is, a very peculiar change has come over the people. Nor are other signs of it wanting. Once upon a time, sea-songs and ditties to the honor of the national flag were popular music: now, so far as the people at home is concerned, they are nearly confined to the Adelphi burlettas and the old-fashioned after-dinner Brahmans and Inedlons of private life. Certainly the people at large take neither pride nor pleasure in the "national glory;" nor is there any prevalent disposition to adventure.

It was not always so. Once upon a time our sailors were "jolly tars," and went to sea for the fun of the thing. What if they did get more kicks than halfpence!—they thought it unmanly to grumble at home, and were perhaps fully repaid by the opportunity for boasting. Let your jolly tar fall to boasting now, and he is taken short by some pragmatical Mechanic's Institute man, who calls his facts in question; while some Sailor's Church man preaches to the hero against the wickedness of war and the sinfulness of mundane glory. Instead of having his full swing in boasts and junketings with "pretty Poll," Jack is coddled in a "Sailor's Home," and told to put his money in the savings-bank "against a rainy day,"—as though he were the man to want an umbrella! He must not be a hero from any sinful desire to drub three Frenchmen—the Mechanic's Institute philosopher sneers; nor because he loves the cannon's roar—he should love his neighbor; but he must be "heart of oak" on principle, or at least with an eye to the main chance.

Other motives impelled him when the glory of old England was a popular dream. But in those days freer play was given to the natural instincts, animal as well as intellectual. The rural policeman was not ready to start from "under every bush and every tree" to stop every little urchin at fisticuffs, and carry him before the magistrate for breaking the peace of our sovereign lady the queen. There was not a solemn inquest on every man whose head was a little *too much* cracked in a brawl. There was not a "better observance of the Sabbath" to arrest every healthful recreation, although the Sunday was not then the *only* day of leisure. There was not then a Mr. Rutherford standing on the bar-

ders of Scotland with a registration bill, intent upon blocking out every chance of a runaway marriage; nor a Mr. Spooner standing in palace yard with a bill to exterminate all lawless gallantries. They had statutes in those days, indeed, but then they were only statutes, without a machinery to enforce them—mere enacted sermons, enforced only by the beadle, and against none but notorious ragamuffins. The whole course of legislation and polity did not tend to repress every indulgence and exercise of the instinctive energies.

In many respects the change of the times has been for the better; but it has its inconveniences. Recruiting-officers, no doubt, feel some of those inconveniences. We have no right to boast of the advancement of the age, and to complain of it in the same breath. If this universally suppressive polity, indeed, were by an ideal possibility to attain its full success, we should be a nation of Puritans and Quakers before our time; the surrounding lands not being inhabited by nations of Quakers; which would be awkward. A millennium all on one side would scarcely be safe.

But do we desire a reaction? Do we wish to roll back the world, like the lunatic and the young Englanders, to the middle ages?—Hardly. It is not necessary to do that in order to discriminate between the good and the bad in the tendencies of the polity now in vogue. Tests for discrimination are not difficult to find. Two occur to us—transparent impartiality of legislation, and modesty of legislation. It is well to have the utmost respect for conscience; but that sort of conscience is entitled to no respect which will not be satisfied without coercing other people's conscience. If we fully and impartially recognize liberty of conscience, we shall abstain from measures which, in matters of pure conviction, compel other people to do what we think right. Such a rule would quash all compulsory restraints on holiday-making; it would leave the hermit free to his meditations, the hero to his manly exercises. Also, in matters of restriction or compulsion, we should refrain from active measures at least until we have distinct ideas on all these essential points—the necessity, mode, objects, and consequences of the proposed interference. Such a test, we suspect, would effectually stop some measures of doubtful policy. Least done, soonest mended, surely, when you don't very well know what it is you are doing, or what will come of it. There is neither wisdom nor virtue in rushing forward with statutes to settle questions still unsolved, unproved, or even undiscussed.—*Spectator*, 8th May.

From the Boston Post.

Some Account of the Letheon; or, Who was the Discoverer? By EDWARD WARREN.

Discovery, by Charles T. Jackson, M. D., of the Applicability of Sulphuric Ether in Surgical Operations. By MARTIN GAY, M. D.

BOTH these pamphlets seem written in a spirit of honesty, by men entirely disinterested in the matter, as far as the pocket is concerned. Both, however, are strongly partisan in character. The former gives all, or nearly all, the credit of discovering and applying sulphuric ether, in surgical operations, to Dr. W. T. G. Morton, while the latter is even more exclusive in its awards to Dr. Charles T. Jackson. From a careful perusal of both, with their affidavits, letters, literary articles, &c., &c., we come to the following conclusions:—

First—that Dr. Jackson has known for some years that sulphuric ether would produce insensibility to pain, in some degree, and that, at intervals, he has tried it himself and has recommended it to several other individuals; but that, whether owing to natural cautiousness of disposition, to tenderness for his professional reputation, to a lack of confidence in his discovery, or, what is yet more probable, to a mental obtuseness, which did not permit him to perceive how inestimable such a discovery would prove to his fellow-men, he did really nothing to bring it before the world. Moreover, the application of ether turns out to be so simple and innocent a thing that one cannot justify Dr. Jackson in having withheld his discovery, on the argument that it was not perfected. Still less should this delay on his part take credit from any one else who should make the same discovery during the time.

Secondly—that Dr. Morton, for some months previous to the first public application of the ether, and before his first interview with Dr. Jackson in September last, had tried many experiments with ether, by which he had established the fact in his own mind that the inhalation of ether would produce insensibility—that he called on Dr. Jackson to obtain some knowledge of the best kinds of ether, the proper means of application, and other collateral information; but that, from his concealment from Dr. Jackson of the fact that he had previously experimented with ether, and from his apparent ignorance of the nature of the article, Dr. Jackson was justified in supposing that he had made an original suggestion to Dr. Morton.

Thirdly—that from Dr. Morton's calling on Dr. Jackson, instead of Dr. J. calling on Dr. M., it would appear that Dr. Morton was the active agent in the matter, and also that Dr. Jackson told him about the ether, without a thought that he was imparting any more wonderful information than a friendly physician would always impart to his patient, or one friend to another. Still less does it appear that Dr. Jackson imagined that he was introducing to the world one of the greatest benefits ever discovered by man.

Fourthly—that even for some time after Dr. Morton's successful experiments, Dr. Jackson did not claim any share in the discovery, but, on the other hand, spoke of Dr. Morton's ignorance and rashness in using the ether, of the impossibility of its rendering any one insensible to pain, and declared that he had nothing to do with the matter, and did not wish his name mixed up with it.

Fifthly—that it was by the advice and persuasion of Dr. Morton's business agents that Dr. Jackson's name was included in the patent, as even joint discoverer—that the latter was very unwilling to have it so included, but averred that he should charge five hundred dollars for his professional services in suggesting the use of ether to Dr. Morton—that Dr. Morton finally consented to have Dr. Jackson's name included in the patent, because a per centage on patent rights would be the easiest way to pay the five hundred dollars, because Dr. Jackson had something to do with the discovery, and because it was thought that Dr. Jackson's reputation would at once give currency to the affair and make the thing take.

We come to the above conclusions, on the supposition that all the evidence adduced on both sides is true; and taking into view all the circumstances, we do not see why the patent which considers Drs. Jackson and Morton as "joint discoverers," does not express about the true state of the case. "They

got it up between them," as was currently reported soon after the first publicly successful experiments.

At all events, it appears most probable that, had it not been for Dr. Morton, the discovery (even if considered as Dr. Jackson's) would have remained dormant, as had happened after the latter's previous recommendation of ether. Dr. Morton *tried* it, and risked upon it his reputation, while Dr. Jackson stood aloof, risked nothing, and did not appear until it had not only been proved to produce the desired effect in dentistry and surgery, but until it began to be considered "one of the great discoveries of modern times," instead of the mere catch-penny nostrum of a young and almost unknown dentist.

Dr. Morton introduced it to the hospital, or was the only one known in the matter by the surgeons of that institution. If Dr. Jackson kept so very quiet all these weeks, while in reality he was making a mere instrument of Dr. Morton, one cannot perceive that he has any one to blame but himself, if the arm gets the credit which should belong to the head. But we do not imagine that such was the case. Dr. Morton was unquestionably benefited by the information obtained from Dr. Jackson; but the affidavits adduced prove that the former was as certain as the latter that the inhalation of ether would produce insensibility to some degree. Neither knew, it seems probable, that this insensibility would be great enough to render painless the most horrible operations of surgery, or even to permit the perfectly painless extraction of teeth. Both knew something, and it is hard to decide which of the two, unaided by the other, would have soonest made their knowledge of service to their kind.

Dr. Jackson had a high scientific reputation in the community to maintain, but of course he should take the risk of his exceeding cautiousness. Had Dr. Morton killed half a dozen people with his bags, tubes and gases, Dr. Jackson would have made a great gain by keeping as quiet as he did.

Dr. Morton was enterprising, ambitious, and desirous of making money, doubtless; he believed the discovery to be "just what he wanted," and did not fear to make the trial of it as often as he could catch a subject. His "rashness and ignorance" have certainly done more good in this instance than all the science of the age, and he has been the envied instrument of conferring an inestimable blessing on suffering humanity.

We commend the pamphlets under notice to the careful attention of our readers. They contain many things to which we do not choose to advert, and many for whose discussion our whole paper is not large enough. We have, therefore, only given the conclusions to which we have arrived from their perusal.

From the Spectator.

WINE.*

VIEWS which we have formerly expressed respecting the restricted consumption of wine in England have received a remarkable corroboration from a quarter, not indeed disinterested in the matter, but commanding excellent information—the Bordeaux "Association pour la Liberté des Echanges."

The origin of this society is worth noting. When Sir Robert Peel's free-trade speech on the 29th of

January, 1846, reached Bordeaux, it made a very great impression, and stimulated the old desire of that trading community to promote the principles of free trade in France—

"There has been consequently organized in Bordeaux a society styled 'Association pour la Liberté des Echanges.' It includes most of our merchants, with the mayor at their head, a great many landed proprietors, and numbers of persons of all professions. It has, in fact, received the general approbation and support of the inhabitants, as the numerous and large subscriptions already received sufficiently attest; and, indeed, changes of the most encouraging nature have lately taken place in the principal organs of the public press.

"The society's object is to obtain, by the use of every possible means, the repeal of all protective duties; these being considered as a great obstacle to the welfare of our population.

"Paris, Marseilles, and Lyons, have formed similar associations; which, united in their views, and having large sums at their disposal, will sooner or later exercise, no doubt, a preponderate influence over the public opinion of this country, and thereby over its commercial legislation."

We have invited other nations to follow our example; the most satisfactory tokens appear in various quarters; but perhaps none is more satisfactory than this demonstration at Bordeaux. The merchants of that port, in advance of their country generally—bolder than their government, whose conversion to free trade is so recent, and as yet so imperfect—call upon the English government for a step which would be quite consistent with our professed reliance on pure free trade, and would be very instructive to France. The passage which we have quoted above is taken from a memorial addressed by the merchants of Bordeaux to Lord John Russell as the successor to Sir Robert Peel, asking him to make such a reduction in the British duty on French wines as would render them an article of general consumption in the United Kingdom.

The consumption of French wines has undergone great changes. While the population of the United Kingdom has increased, the consumption of such wines has positively fallen off. In 1795, the consumption in Great Britain only was more than 7,000,000 gallons: our population has about doubled, and now the consumption in the whole United Kingdom falls short of 7,000,000 gallons. Something may be accounted for, in that decrease, on the score of temperance—the limited class that drinks wine consumes it in far less abundance than used to be the case. Intoxication was at one time fashionable; it is now, as a thing habitual or undisguised, infamous. Something may be accounted for on the score of taste; we have known persons of rude palate, especially rustic laborers, prefer a glass of ale—or "squalida cervogia"—to the most delicious wines. We have heard a German wine-merchant account for the English preference of strong alcoholic mixtures, including what the Italians call "doctored" wine—wine touched up with brandy—from the highly-seasoned dishes of the country, which make light wines taste poor. But there are many answers to that statement. In the first place, the highly-seasoned dishes are to be found, not among the poor or the middle classes, but precisely among those of the wealthy classes—most perhaps among the very wealthiest—who affect a liking for light wines. In the next place, the taste for wine has never yet been fairly tried; it is deemed a token of refinement and "fashionable" habits; and

* Our Temperance friends will excuse us for copying this article, which is chiefly interesting as connected with the brotherhood of nations.—LIVING AGE.]

would extend rapidly, at least among the middle classes, if it were not for the fearful penalties imposed upon the habit in the shape of the expense. And it is to be observed that wine is dearest to the small consumer; the nobleman who has his own cellar can drink excellent wine at a price which would almost reconcile the cellarless middle-class man to use it as a substitute for beer. Thirdly, all the wines of southern Europe are not of the "sour" quality deemed characteristic of "light" wines, nor so watery as claret. Besides many fuller-flavored wines of France, there are the luscious Catalonian wines, the sparkling Asti, the full-bodied red wine that may be picked from the ordinary vintages of Italy, and the countless "particular" wines of the Mediterranean. There are vintages to suit every palate. But with a prohibitory duty of 400 per cent.—for that is the amount on some wines, such as the lower kinds of claret—the consumption in England is limited to the richer classes; in France the consumption of wine is *thirty-six gallons* to each inhabitant in the great centres of population; in England, it is *one fourth of a gallon* for each inhabitant.

It will be observed that the high duty operates in various ways to keep down the trade. It raises the price to a rate prohibitory for general consumption. It therefore forbids investment of capital in stocks of low-priced wines—even if the exorbitant duty could be reextracted from the consumer—because it would pledge large sums by the liability to pay duty while the profits on the sale ought to be small and rapid. It excludes all those wines—by no means the worst—which will not keep much beyond the year, because high duties and heavy prices make a sluggish sale. And, meanwhile, such few specimens as curiosity imports are "doctored" to make them keep, and thus acquire a bad repute.

To perceive the full effect of the exclusion, it ought to be shown at what prices cheap wine could be sold in England. Accordingly, the Bordeaux memorial furnishes information on that point—

"Bordeaux wines could be sold in England, with a sufficient profit to the importers, at the following prices, duty free, namely—

"1. Common sorts, such as are consumed by the lower classes in France, (though common, a sound and wholesome wine,) 3*l.* per hogshead, or about 2*l.* 2*s.* per bottle.

"2. Ordinary sorts, such as are consumed by the middle classes in France, 5*l.* per hogshead, or 4*s.* per bottle.

"3. Superior sorts, such as are consumed by the rich classes in France, and in small quantities only, 8*l.* per hogshead, or 6*l.* 1*s.* 2*d.* per bottle.

"4. Best sorts; those which are almost exclusively consumed by the richest classes in England, France, and in other countries, 10*l.* to 60*l.* per hogshead, or from 8*s.* to 4*s.* per bottle.

"To the above prices would have to be added the mere and trifling expense of bottling; but each family receiving a hogshead of wine, having it bottled at home, as is customary in France, and therefore being able always to make use of the same bottles, the expense of bottling becomes unimportant.

"If we suppose that a duty of 10*l.* per hogshead, or 1*s.* per gallon, were put upon those wines, which

would still be upwards of 60 per cent. upon the ordinary sorts of claret, the different prices would then be thus respectively, duty included—

1. Common sorts, 4*l.* 1*s.* 2*d.* per bottle.

2. Ordinary sorts, 6*s.* " "

3. Superior sorts, 8*s.* " "

4. Best sorts, . . . 10*s.* to 4*s.* 2*l.* 2*d.* " "

"It seems to us that, at the above prices, the consumption of French wines in England could not fail to become immense, and so great, indeed, that the present consumption, compared with it, would appear quite insignificant."

The memorialists anticipate that the general consumption would be very beneficial to the English revenue—which is a presumption supported by all analogy, and so far as it goes by the experience of the English wine-trade itself; that it would open an increased trade in British manufactures, directly in France or mediately in other countries; and especially, that it would give a good return-freight for vessels engaged in the English export of coal.

They are also justified in assuming that it would tend to the increase of temperance in this country. Drunkenness is not the vice of wine-growing countries; total abstinence has been the permanent virtue of none. Nations have universally resorted to some kind of stimulant; and the latest researches of chemical science seem to justify that instinctive resort. As the Bourgeois Gentilhomme had been talking "prose" all his life without knowing it, so the different races of humanity have prescribed for themselves suitable doses of alcoholic stimulants without any analytical knowledge as to the carbonic materials for respiration or the supply of galvanism for vital energy. Some stimulus of the kind is agreeable—most agreeable; often useful, in its direct augmentation of bodily vigor; and is not yet proved to be injurious, except where the stimulant is exhibited in excess or in a noxious form. Now the agreeableness of the stimulant, in its effects as well as in its taste, and its noxiousness, do not appear to be in any direct ratio. In good wine, probably, there is the most agreeable taste combined with the most satisfactory influence of stimulation, but with the minimum of noxious effects. This may account for the fact that wine-drinking nations are usually temperate. They get what they want without going to the length of drunkenness. Your Italian peasant may make his eyes sparkle with wine; but to that end he need not attain to intoxication, nor incur dull eyes next morning. Ask your English gin-drinker about the morning. Beer is not bad stuff in its way, as a beverage for hard labor; but is not the stimulant for holidays and hilarity—not an Anacreontic beverage. No; arts and wine have gone together; music and painting, where they are strongest, have bathed in the ruddy fountain; our own young poet, seeking inspiration, instinctively calls for "a beaker full of the warm South;" and the Bordeaux memorialists may convince folks of an exacter turn, that free draughts of wine will be excellent things for trade, for commerce between France and England, for multiplying friendly ties, for the peace of Europe. The day will come when we shall drink to the British minister, to free trade and the peace of Europe, in a bottle of wine at 4*l.* 1*s.* 2*d.* the bottle; or, if we are fastidious in our libation, at 10*s.* to 4*s.* 2*l.* 2*d.* for superfine ditto, bottle included.

From the Spectator.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ASSAAD Y. KAYAT.*

THE author and hero of this volume is a Syrian of the Greek church, who, by natural aptitude, unceasing industry, and an Oriental frankness in addressing strangers, obtained a knowledge of several tongues, which procured him the appointment of dragoman or interpreter to Mr. Farren, the British consul-general for Syria. When the Persian princes made a pilgrimage to London, in 1835, in order to ask (unsuccessfully) for British interference in their affairs, they called at Damascus on their way; and, finding the use of a linguist like our author, petitioned Mr. Farren to lend them his dragoman. Introduced to London society under such auspices, Assaad became, if not a lion, yet the companion of lions, and saw the sights of town, and something of the wonders of civilization. These last made a deep impression upon him; and in travelling on the continent he was much struck by the apparent idolatry of the Romish church; for though the Greeks permit paintings, they do not allow images. On his return to Syria, he seems to have felt a call—although he jumps rather suddenly to his change: but his objects were to elevate the Syrian women in the scale of society, to improve the character and enlarge the ideas of the men, and to reform the Greek church by eventually getting rid of superstitious practices, unauthorized by its doctrine and grounded in ignorance; all which he proposed to accomplish by educating the clergy, and the people, females as well as males. Religious and social reforms, in fact, were his end, education his means, and money his medium of action. To acquire this last, he honored Britain with another visit, in 1838. Since that time he has been well known to the public who take an interest in missionary meetings. By dint of Syrian travellers, to whom he had been of service at home, London acquaintance, who had known him as the intimate of "Persian princes," and serious people agog for a new excitement, Assaad Y. Kayat grew up into a Syrian lion. He spoke at Exeter Hall and other meetings; he got up meetings himself, to promote the cause of the Syrian church and the education of the Syrians; and the flush of novelty, his Syrian costume, his foreign English, and his Oriental manner, raised a good deal of money. Himself reposing in the bosom of a church which knows not dissent, Assaad was quite unaware of that sectarian jealousy and anger before which ministries have retreated or shrunk from action; he knew not that, like the Athenians of old, the modern Britishers desire some new thing; above all, he did not and could not know, that to raise money regularly and voluntarily in this country, requires organization, activity, presence, and the arts of a theatrical manager. Delighted with the enthusiasm of meetings, relying too much on enthusiastic promises, and trusting that the first year's supply would be continued, Assaad had visions of great things. The salary of 200*l.* a year, voted to him by his committee, somewhat damped his ardor, for his thoughts seem to have turned to mammon as well as to God; but he still hoped more than the result justified. He returned to Syria, sent home youths to educate, and finally found himself in a "fix." Subscriptions fell off; promises, as he alleges, were not performed; his own salary was unpaid; his committee was in debt; and finally,

*A Voice from Lebanon; with the Life and Travels of Assaad Y. Kayat.

on the committee's invitation, he embarked with his newly-married wife for England, and reached London in January, 1843. Assaad's presence at exhibitions *restitut rem*—that is, a little. Subscriptions revived; the debt was paid off; and since that time he has lived in England, studying medicine in order to qualify as a surgeon, and subsisting chiefly, it would seem, by mixing (oriental like) a little commerce with more elevated pursuits. His British career is now drawing to a close. Assaad has become a member of the College of Surgeons; and is about to return to Syria, to make medicine a means of acquiring influence, and of inculcating liberal views; it being an article of faith with him, that ministers should imitate Christ and the Apostles in healing the sick as well as in preaching. As a farewell memorial, he has recorded in this volume his autobiography, mingled with an account of his travels, and his troubles in Protestant England.

There is no doubt that Assaad Y. Kayat is a remarkable man; since he has conceived and done things, under unfavorable circumstances, which no other Eastern Christian ever thought of doing. In his autobiography he is the *hero* of his own tale; and probably the oriental habit of compliment may have led him into complimenting himself. But even with every allowance, or allowing his early autobiography to be mere invention, it is as amusing as a novel of adventure. The account of his masters and mode of education, and of the manner in which he began precocious traffic in coins or anything else, might be transferred at once to an Eastern *Gil Blas*. The mixture of the Jew in his love of a bargain, of the Greek in his active curiosity and zeal for acquirements, and of the Oriental in manner, form a well-marked and singular "character." His own rise, and every incident which accompanies it, exhibit a striking picture of Syrian life, not the less distinct from the writer's unconsciousness of the European value of what he is painting. During his eastern prosperity the story is a little tamer, as was sure to be the case; but his reforming efforts and his European pilgrimages plunge him again into difficulties. Judged by English knowledge, these difficulties were of his own creation; but to an oriental they were inevitable; and not the least curious part of the matter is, that Assaad was able to weather them as he has done. The judgment of English life has of course a singularity; but it is superficial, and not new, several other Asiatics having already published their opinions of us. At the same time, Assaad had a distinct subject in religion, upon which to meet the westerners on a common and *business* ground; and he got a clearer insight into the character of men and masses when asking for their money, or defending himself against their attacks; as Assaad's preference for our established church exposed him, he says, to sectarian temptations, and those failing, to assaults.

The life of the author's boyhood is the most amusing part of the volume, and that which is the most characteristic of oriental life. He was born in 1811. His father, a respectable man, wished his son to be well educated, and placed him with a tobaccoist, Salem Bassila, who also kept a school. This was the beginning of Assaad's education.

"He began by initiating me into some of the mysteries of his own trade—the colors of the different samples of tobacco, their prices, qualities, &c.; he taught me the use of the scales, and the *oukiah* (ounce) and its fractions. He made me carry to his wife, my governess, the vegetables for supper, (a principal meal in the east;) then he would make

me smell the tobacco and snuff, which of course made me sneeze and cough. The pipe was never out of his hand; and he puffed the smoke into my face all day long; so that in a short time I was as highly flavored as a ham and as dirty as a pig. I did not dare tell my mother, lest my master should fulfil his threat of cutting out my tongue. I was not better treated by his wife; who used to send me to the spring for water, and to the market for carrots, cabbages, and rice, and then made me sit by the fire to watch the cookery while she was cutting up onions."

A more direct effort was at last made in the way of learning.

"He brought the Dawaéh, (Ezekiel ix. 2,) took the calamus or Arabic pen in one hand, and a sheet of paper in the other, using his knee, as he sat cross-legged, for a table, and retaining his pipe firmly in his mouth, which was also filled with saliva. Thus he tried to write for me the Arabic *alef bé*, (alphabet;) but, unfortunately, he seemed not well practised in the art; for upon the first letter he spilt a quantity of ink, and in the endeavor to remove the blot with his tongue, he made it much worse with the smoke and saliva which issued from his mouth. In vain he attempted to begin again; each succeeding effort was worse than the former. I could scarcely refrain from laughter; but I stifled it with my handkerchief. He was mortified at this after my flattering compliment, and said, 'My dear, the paper is very bad. I will bring a better sheet to-morrow.' On the morrow, he brought a fine sheet of paper; and an attempt was again made to write the alphabet; but he got on with it very badly, and exclaimed, 'I give you this bad writing for the present, I will give you the good writing afterwards.' Thus I commenced my alphabet. When I asked him, 'Which was the *té*?' he said, 'The *té* is after the *bé*.' 'Which then is the *bé*?' 'It is before the *té*,' said the master. But when I asked him, 'Which were the *bé* and *té* together?' he said, 'Find it yourself.'

"Such was the system of my education. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, and the want of school-books, so common in England, in which the letters are represented by apples, eggs, donkeys, monkeys, and everything to amuse and interest children, I learnt my alphabet, and began spelling and reading the first Psalm of David, almost by myself. Whenever I asked a question, I was told, 'Clever boys teach themselves.'

He was taught modern Greek by a priest, who neither spoke Arabic nor knew a letter of the alphabet; and "there was neither dictionary, dialogues, nor any other book common to the two languages." Assaad, however, learned to read without understanding the meaning of the words. When his father found this out, he was angered; and the tutor then hit upon the following plan.

"My father departed, leaving me trembling with fear. For some time, however, we each kept silence: Theophilus smoked his pipe till he made the room like a furnace, turned and twisted his beard, and at length exclaimed, 'Εὐχα!' Then he brought a loaf of bread, and, holding it in his hand, said, 'Assaad, ἰδοὺ ἄρτον!' (Behold bread!) Next he brought a glass of water, saying, 'ἰδοὺ ὕδωρ!' (Behold water!) And so on with other substantives in the room. I set down all these Greek words, and over against them wrote the same in Arabic, and learnt them by heart. This mode I found most advantageous in all the languages I acquired in after years; and I strongly recom-

mend it to others. In a few weeks I could understand many words both in books and in talking; and the didascalos, finding I was able to fetch anything he expressed a desire for, taught me ἄρτον, σταφυλή, αἶνος, σῆμα; bread, grapes, figs, &c. My ready comprehension procured me favor; and he frequently took me to the sea-side, a short distance from Beyrout; where I had pleasure in going into the water and collecting for him shell-fish from the rocks, sea-weed, and other marine curiosities; in return for which, he taught me the names of every object we saw, either on the road or in the mulberry-gardens, where we staid for the day; δίδωρον, καρπὸς, γάλα, ἵππος, &c. My improvement brought on, however, greater difficulties; for the bishop appointed me, young as I was, to read the Muneon, the Epistles, and the Prophets, during public service. I was so small that I was obliged to be placed on an elevated chair. It would be impossible to describe the joy of my good father and mother when they heard me thus reading publicly in church: and here I wish to assure my British readers that a great portion of the Scriptures is read daily in our churches."

There is a good story about learning the singular, dual, and plural numbers; and the manner in which the hero began business as a money-changer is very characteristic as an example of oriental precocity: but we will pass these, for a sample of him in the vocation which led to his fortune, that of interpreter to the petty traders who frequented the port of Beyrout, his native place.

"The trade in the Mediterranean was carried on by Ionian or Greek ships under the British flag, and also by French and Italians, Austrians and Slavonians. The Arab and Turkish vessels were frequently stopped by the Greeks, who were the chief traders. These men employed me cheerfully as their interpreter and broker; for I was satisfied with whatever they gave me. They gave me a commission on the goods they sold, and the natives who purchased of or sold to them did the like. I have been seen leading ten captains at a time through the market at Beyrout. I did not allow the common sailors to escape me, but also interpreted for them. I bought oil, meat, &c., for the ships; and thus my knowledge of Greek came into use, and my income often amounted to three hundred piastres a day; besides which, the captains frequently made me presents of hams, wines, &c.; and the sailors gave me biscuits and other useful articles from the ship's stores, which kept our house and my pocket well supplied.

"All this business was with the Greek captains; and I was desirous of being employed also by the Slavonian traders; but having no knowledge of Italian, I was at a loss how to accomplish it. There was but one man in Beyrout, whose name was Yaconly, who could speak that language; and he transacted all the business of those ships. It struck me, that if I only knew the verb to know in Italian I might be able to manage, by asking these Slavonian captains if they understood Greek, and thus making that language the means of communication between us. The verb *sapere* (to know) was what I wanted. I went, therefore, to the other broker, and very civilly asked him to tell me the Italian for the verb to know. He replied, 'Stupid boy!' for he was very jealous of me, 'what do you mean by verb?' I repeated my question, and he very angrily sent me away with these words. 'The verb to know, or this stupid verb, I know not.' I was sadly disappointed and vexed; but I forgave him

when I was informed, some years after, that he could neither read nor write, and therefore that the very nature of the question was an enigma to him. However, I went in very low spirits to my mother, and sat down to supper, unable to taste anything. My affectionate parent was alarmed, and entreated me to tell her what was the matter; whereupon, I told her all my sorrows, and that they resulted from my ignorance of one word. Dear mother! she could not understand what I meant, even when I had told her the whole story. After a little reflection, she said, 'I believe you want to learn some new language. There are some Padriés (Padres) in the Italian convent here; I will take you to them, and perhaps they may tell you what you wish to know.' It was about sunset: she put on her veil, and we went together to the convent, where the Capuchin Padre received us with great politeness. My mother said to them, 'You are good men, and I wish you to teach my son your language, and whatever else is good.' 'Let him come to-morrow,' answered the Padre Modesto; whose kindness I am happy to acknowledge here with sincere thanks. I scarcely closed my eyes all night, and very early the following morning I went to the church, where the friars were assembled. After the service, I went with the Padre Modesto up stairs; and the first thing he said was, 'Sapete Italiano?' (do you know Italian?)—the very words I so much wanted. I imagined that was what he asked me; and all doubt was removed when he explained to me, in his broken Arabic, 'Byaref italiani.' I immediately wrote down 'Sapete Italiano?' and there was no difficulty in adding, 'Sapete Greco!' The padre began by teaching me the Italian alphabet, and I in return taught him the Arabic and Greek; but, in order not to lose my Greek customers, I divided the day into two parts, giving one half to study, and the other to business. We went on thus very agreeably for a month; but then religious opinions separated us, for he was bent on nothing less than bringing me over to the church of Rome. The bare idea of this excited my abhorrence; being devoutly attached to my own church, to Benjamin our bishop, and to Theophilus my late master, from whose instructions I dated my prosperity, and who was a deacon of our church. I therefore left off studying with the padre, having learnt enough of Italian to improve myself."

When the American missionaries came to Syria, he learned English from them. The reader who wishes for further particulars of Assaad's Life and Travels must refer to the *Voice from Lebanon*.

FIRST PIANO IN NORTHERN ILLINOIS.

DURING the summer following the termination of the Black Hawk war—being among the first of the down-east emigrants to the country then barely evacuated by the red men of the forest—Dr. A., of Baltimore, removed to what has since become a small town near the Illinois river, by the name of P—. The doctor's family was composed of three young ladies and his wife, all of whom were performers on the piano, and one of them the possessor of the instrument in question.

As is usually the case in all newly settled places when a "new comer" makes his appearance, the neighbors (that were to be) had collected together for the purpose of seeing the doctor's "plunder" unpacked and making the acquaintance of its possessor.

Dr. A.'s "household" was stowed away in seven

large wagons—having been first packed into pine boxes, on which were painted, in large black letters, the contents, address, &c.

One wagon after another was unloaded without much sensation on the part of the little crowd of lookers-on, except an occasional exclamation similar to the following, from those who had never "seen the like before:"

"Glass! This side up with care!" Why, I thought this ere feller was a doctor. What on yearth is he going to do with that box full of winders?"

"This side up with care!" exclaimed one. "He's got his paregoric and ile-of-spike fixins in that. Won't he fize them augur fellows down on the river!"

In the last wagon there was but one large box, and on it were printed the words "Piano Forte—Keep dry and handle carefully." It required the assistance of all the bystanders to unload this box, and the curiosity excited in the crowd upon reading the foregoing words, and hearing the musical sounds emitted as it struck the ground, can only be gathered by giving a few of the expressions that dropped from the spectators.

"Pine fort!" said a tall, yellow-haired, fever-and-ague-looking youth; "wonder if he's afeard of the Injuns? He can't scare them with a pine fort."

"K-ee-p d-r-y" was spelled by a large, raw-boned man, who was evidently a liberal patron of "old bald face," and who broke off at the letter "y" with, "D—n your temperance karakturs—you need n't come round here with tracts!"

He was interrupted at this point by a stout-built personage, who cried out—

"He's got his skeletons in thar, and he's afeard to gin them liquor, for they'd break out if he does! Poor fellers!—they must suffer powerfully."

"Handle carefully," said a man in a red hunting shirt, and the size of whose fist, as he doubled it up, was twice that of an ordinary man. "Thar's some live critter in that. Don't you hear him groan?" This was said as the box struck the ground, and the concussion caused a vibration of the strings.

No sooner had all hands let go of the box, than Dr. A. was besieged by his neighbors, all of whom were determined to know what were its contents, and what were the meaning of the words "piano forte." On his telling them that it was a musical instrument, some "reckoned that it would take a tarnal sight of wind to blow it;" others, that it "would take a lot of men to make it go!" &c. The doctor explained its operations as well as he could, but still his description was anything but satisfactory, and he could only get rid of his inquisitive neighbors by promising a sight at an early day.

Three days—days that seemed like weeks to the persons above mentioned—elapsed before the premises of Dr. A. were arranged for the reception of visitors, and various and curious were the surmises among the settlers during this time. Dr. A. and his "plunder" were the only topics of conversation for many miles around.

The doctor's house had but one lower room, but this was one of double the ordinary size, and the carpets were all too small to cover the entire floor; hence a strip of bare floor appeared at each side of the room. Opposite to and facing the door was placed the "pine fort." All was ready for the admission of visitors, and Miss E. was to act as the first performer. The doctor had but to open the door, and half a score of men were ready to enter.

Miss E. took her seat, and at the first sounding of the instrument, the whole party present rushed in. Some went directly up to the "crittur," as it had been called on account of its having four legs—some, more shy, remained close to the door, where, if necessary, they could more easily make their escape; while others, who had never seen a carpet, were observed walking round on the strip of bare floor, lest by treading on the "handsome kaliker," they might spoil it!

The first tune seemed to put the whole company in ecstasies. The raw-boned man, who was so much opposed to temperance tracts, pulled out a flask of whiskey, and insisted that the "gal," as he called Miss E., should drink. Another of the company laid down a dime, and wanted "that 's worth" more of the "forty pains," as the name of the instrument had come to him after travelling through some five or six pronunciations. Another, with a broad grin on his face, declaring that he "would give his claim and all the truck on it, if his darter could have such a cupboard!" The "pine fort" man suggested that if that sort of music had been in the Black Hawk war, "that would have skeered the Injuns like all holler!"

It is needless to say that it was late at night before Miss E. and the other ladies of the house could satisfy their delighted hearers that they were all "tired out." The whole country for twenty miles around rung with the praise of Dr. A.'s "consarn" and the "musikel kubbud!" The doctor immediately had any quantity of patients—all of whom, however, would come in person for advice, or for a few "agur pills," but none of whom would leave without hearing the "forty pains."

With an easy way and a good-natured disposition, Dr. A. soon formed an extensive acquaintance, obtained a good practice, and became a popular man. He was elevated to some of the most responsible offices in the gift of the people—one of which he held at the time of his death.—So much for the charms of a piano forte.

From the New York Tribune.

WESTWARD HO!—TRAVEL ON THE GREAT LAKES.

DETROIT, Mich., June 4, 1847.

On the margin of the Great West—for I think its eastern border has not yet receded beyond my present locality—let me make due reparation to Lake Erie for the bad name I have contributed to give her through the longer half of my life. Twenty years ago, when I first made the acquaintance of this sea-green upper basin of the mighty Niagara, the boats traversing its waters, and especially those running between Buffalo and the parts east of Cleveland, were poor, frail, clobbering affairs when compared with the stately and solid leviathans which now glide over three great lakes and a smaller, with the connecting straits and river, in a single passage, making Detroit the first day and Chicago considerably inside of the fourth. For passengers on the small steamboats, especially if addicted to sea-sickness, Lake Erie was (to my sorrow) most emphatically a purgatory. Lying high above the ocean level, without an adjacent mountain to break the sweep of the winds, with no considerable depth of the element, and a very decided prevalence of western gales, the short, shuffling, frothy waves acting upon a short, slight, narrow boat, were perpetually calling on the heart-sick traveller to render up his last boat, as if determined to be satisfied with

nothing less. Vivid is my recollection of hideous nights passed in clinging to stanchions, or hanging, limp and haggard, over the railing, looking ruefully into the boiling foam that still demanded the sacrifice it disdained. Repeatedly have I dragged my weary and aching feet along the lake's margin some 60 or 80 miles, rather than encounter for a few hours the horrors of which my recollection was so vivid; and I doubt that many an emigrant to the West, from New York or New England, is deterred from visiting the scenes and the friends of his youth by his own keen remembrance of miseries endured on the lakes. Let such be joyfully assured that "it is not in these days as it was in those days." On the large and powerful boats now running from Buffalo to Cleveland, Detroit, Milwaukee and Chicago, time passes as quietly, as pleasantly, as rapidly, as anywhere but at home. Of course, in a violent gale, there will be sea-sickness, save for those who are impervious to it, or who seasonably take to their berths and remain there until the waters are assuaged. Such elemental frolics, however, are exceptions to the general rule of ease and comfort throughout a lake passage. I came up yesterday on the Empire, Capt. Randall, one of the staunchest but not one of the newest nor (I think) the longest boats. After the tedious process of working her way out of Buffalo harbor—which it is burning shame to leave hardly wide enough for half a dozen water-snakes, while the vast and rapidly increasing commerce of half a continent seeks a passage through it—she was a little more than twenty-four hours reaching this city, including two hours' detention at Cleveland. During this time we had clouds, rain, fog and a fair breeze, but not a thought of sickness perceptible among the seven or eight hundred persons on board, many of them doubtless on a steamboat for the first time. Our noble boat, deeply laden with merchandise and household effects, slid through the waters with no other motion evinced than the trembling or jar caused by the rapid motion of the paddles, while the human freightage of this modern ark ate, walked, read, talked, and slept, as if on shore; a piano and a band discoursed melody by turns; and in the evening the cabin passengers (or a part of the three hundred) gathered in the grand saloon, and tripped it on "light fantastic toe," through the mazes of a few cotillions. I think this portion of the exercises was hardly so well enjoyed in the average by the dancers as by the spectators; for it was not kept up long, nor did more than a dozen couples engage in it; yet a dance on Lake Erie, for once in a lifetime, is a conceit not to be despised by those gifted with the requisite agility. Who can say whether the partners of the hour, who never met before, shall ever meet again on the dusty and devious pathway of life! Here are perhaps Oregon and Lowell, Galena and Liverpool, represented in the set by four persons who met for the first time this morning, who part forever to-night. The hour's communion may be pleasant, and the danger of resulting heart-breaks must be slight.

One good feature of the lake navigation this season is the absence of the usual combination, whereby travellers and emigrants were compelled to pay smartly, not only for the steamboats which conveyed them, but also for the hardly smaller number which were laid up, under the combination arrangement, but drawing their share of the general receipts. Now, every boat runs on its own hook; and a cabin passage, including a good state-room berth and generous fare, is \$8 from Buffalo to

Chicago, or a little less than the living would cost in a first class hotel. Deck passengers (who "ate themselves") are taken from Buffalo to Chicago (nearly a thousand miles) for *one dollar* each, and have some kind of a place to sleep into the bargain. Perhaps these are not the usual prices; if they are they may be raised next week by combination; but they were the prices current in Buffalo night before last, when two noble boats (the Empire and the Oregon) started in opposition. Considering that, at least during the present superabundance of freight, a good business may be done, even at these rates, while a great majority of the emigrants need all they can save, I hope the rates of deck passage will not be raised.

H. G.

From the *Courrier des Etats Unis*.

DEATH OF PROFESSOR F. F. GOURAUD.

It is with profound regret that we announce the death of our countryman Fauvel Gouraud, and this regret will be shared by all who knew him. The number of these mourners is great, for rarely has a foreigner gained in America a reputation and popularity equal to those enjoyed by Professor Gouraud. He arrived in the United States in December, 1839, bringing with him, as its introducer to this country, the magnificent discovery of Daguerre, whose pupil he had been. This discovery, which has since proved a mine of wealth to thousands of American operators, was unproductive to Mr. Gouraud, who was indeed familiar rather with its theory than its practice. At that time, moreover, the Daguerreotype was but in its infancy, and had not been developed in the practical sense which could only make it lucrative in the United States, its application to portraiture. Professor Gouraud was to win his fame in another career.

After studying the English language, which he enabled himself to read and write, in a few years, with the facility and elegance of one to whom it is native, he published his work on phreno-mnemo-techny, some chapters of which have been compared, by the American press, to the most brilliant pages in English literature. He also developed his ingenious theory of artificial memory in oral lectures, which had a prodigious success. More than 15,000 pupils attended these lectures in New York and other cities, and the professor, become an American orator in a manner so facile and remarkable, gained \$20,000 in a single winter. But unsuccessful speculations and a long illness, which, moreover, deprived him of the power to continue his labors, entirely exhausted this little fortune, and our unfortunate countryman has died in a condition bordering on indigence.

His last days were surrounded by afflicting circumstances. His young wife, who, for more than a year, had been, like himself, confined to a bed of sickness, died, only a month ago, by his side, of pulmonary consumption, and the effect of her death upon the sorrowing Gouraud no doubt hastened his end, for until that event he seemed to be recovering. His remains will be deposited in the Greenwood Cemetery, beside those of his companion in suffering, which seem to have awaited this reunion, for her coffin was temporarily deposited in a vault until the widowed husband could select its last resting place, in compliance with her wish; and one of the dying man's most poignant regrets was that he could not fulfil this desire of her who has only gone before him to the tomb.

Professor Gouraud was a man of studious habits and pleasing manners. His knowledge was various and extensive. He leaves two young children and an unfinished work on which he had bestowed three years of labor and built the most exalted hopes. It is a universal grammar, in which he completes his system of mnemo-techny, and applies a uniform arrangement to the orthography and pronunciation of the seven principal languages of the civilized world. This work, assimilated to that of the Benedictines by the patience and research which it exacted, will probably not be lost to science. Three fourths of it are printed, and we hope that this offspring of Gouraud's genius, this orphan of his thought and his toil, will no more be abandoned than the two orphans of his affections.

His funeral will take place this day, at 4 o'clock P. M., from his late residence, 282 Columbia street, Brooklyn, near the South ferry.

[We can add nothing, at present, to the obituary notice we have copied from the *Courrier*, except that a severe pecuniary disappointment, to himself and his children, was added to the long list of sufferings attending Mr. Gouraud's protracted illness. More than a year ago he received advices that a considerable legacy had been provided for him, by the will of an aged relative in France, but with a condition that he should appear in person, by a specified time, to undertake the performance of certain trusts also designated in the will. The time expired, we believe, in March, when his wife was dying and he was himself unable to rise from his bed. In all our interviews with him he spoke of this with the deepest anxiety and chagrin, on account of his children, for whom the legacy would have made an adequate provision.]—*Commercial Advertiser*.

THE SLAVE TRADE.—The Philadelphia North American has the following letter dated on board the U. S. frigate United States, Monrovia, March 28, 1847:

"The Colonization Society is a useful institution. It has rescued three hundred miles of African seacoast from the slave trade. It has done more to extirpate and destroy this inhuman traffic than all the combined naval efforts of England, France and America. One half of the money expended in supporting these squadrons here, if judiciously applied on an extended and liberal plan of colonization, would have done tenfold more good. Abolition fanaticism, and the absurd philanthropy of jumping to immediate results, seem to me to be the agency of the evil one. All that is good, and useful, and wise, is slow, gradual, and progressive. Ere long, you will find that England herself will abandon her present plan of suppressing the slave trade. She will adopt colonization, civilization, religion. These means, and these alone, will effect the object and regenerate Africa.

"Our good old frigate will leave in a few days for Sinou and Cape Palmas, and then return to Port Praya in all the month of May. The Marion and the Boxer are on a cruise down the coast. The Dolphin is at Sierra Leone. The health of the officers and men of the several ships of the squadron has been, and continues to be, moderately good. Our cruisers have been constantly and actively employed; and yet, notwithstanding the energy of the English, and the watchfulness of the French, the slave trade flourishes, and wherever slaves are wanted, there they will be carried; the supply will be equal to the demand. I regret to say that the humane coalition of the three great powers to put down the slave trade has signally failed. To colonize and settle the coast is the only feasible and available plan."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

LETTERS ON THE TRUTHS CONTAINED IN
POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.VI.—RELIGIOUS DELUSIONS: THE POSSESSED: WITCH-
CRAFT.

DEAR ARCHY,—The subjects about which I propose writing to you to-day are, delusions of a religious nature;—the idea of being possessed;—the grounds of the belief in witchcraft. With so much before me, I have no room to waste. So, of the first, first.

The powerful hold which the feeling of religion takes on our nature, at once attests the truth of the sentiment, and warns us to be on our guard against fanatical excesses. No subject can safely be permitted to have exclusive possession of our thoughts, least of all the most absorbing and exciting of any.

“So—it will make us mad.”

It is evident that, with the majority, Providence has designed that worldly cares should largely and wholesomely employ the mind, and prevent inordinate craving after an indulgence in spiritual stimulation; while minds of the highest order are diverted, by the active duties of philanthropy, from any perilous excess of religious contemplation.

Under the influence of constant and concentrated religious thought, not only is the reason liable to give way—which is not our theme—but, alternatively, the nervous system is apt to fall into many a form of trance, the phenomena of which are mistaken by the ignorant for divine visitation. The weakest frame sinks into an insensibility profound as death, in which he has visions of heaven and the angels. Another lies, in half-waking trance, rapt in celestial contemplation and beatitude; others are suddenly fixed in cataleptic rigidity; others, again, are dashed upon the ground in convulsions. The impressive effect of these seizures is heightened by their supervention in the midst of religious exercises, and by the contagious and sympathetic influence through which their spread is accelerated among the more excitable temperaments and weaker members of large congregations. What chance have ignorant people, witnessing such attacks, or being themselves the subjects of them, of escaping the persuasion that they mark the immediate agency of the Holy Spirit? Or, to take ordinarily informed and sober-minded people—what would they think at seeing mixed up with this hysteric disturbance, distinct proofs of extraordinary perceptive and anticipatory powers, such as occasionally manifest themselves, as parts of a trance, to the rational explanation of which they might not have the key?

In the preceding letter, I have already exemplified, by the case of Henry Engelbrecht, the occurrence of visions of hell and heaven during the deepest state of trance. No doubt the poor ascetic implicitly believed his whole life the reality of the scenes to which his imagination had transported him.

In a letter from the Earl of Shrewsbury to Ambrose Mark Phillips, Esq., published in 1841, a very interesting account is given of two young women who had lain for months or years in a state of religious beatitude. Their condition, when they were exhibited, appears to have been that of half-waking in trance; or, perhaps, a shade nearer the lightest form of trance-sleep. To increase the force of the scene, they appear to have exhibited some degree of trance-perceptive power. But, without this, the mere aspect of such persons is wonderfully imposing. If the pure spirit of Christianity

finds a bright comment and illustration in the Madonnas and Cherubim of Raffaele, it seems to shine out in still more truthfully vividness from the brow of a young person rapt in religious ecstasy. The hands clasped in prayer—the upturned eyes—the expression of humble confidence and seraphic hope, (displayed, let me suggest, on a beautiful face,) constitute a picture of which, having witnessed it, I can never forget the force. Yet I knew it was only a trance. So one knows that village churches are built by common mechanics. Yet when we look over an extensive country, and see the spire from its clump of trees rising over each hamlet, or over the distant city its minster tower—the images find an approving harmony in our feelings, and seem to aid in establishing the genuineness and the truth of the sentiment and the faith which have reared such expressive symbols.

In the two cases mentioned in Lord Shrewsbury's pamphlet, it is, however, painful to observe that trick and artifice had been used to bend them to the service of Catholicism. The poor women bore on their hands and feet wounds, the supposed spontaneous eruption of delineations of the bleeding wounds of the crucifix, and, on the forehead, the bloody marks of the crown of thorns. To convict the imposture, the blood-stains from the wounds in the feet ran *upwards* towards the toes, to complete a *fac-simile* of the original, though the poor girls were lying on their backs. The wounds, it is to be hoped, are inflicted and kept fresh and active by means employed when the victims are in the insensibility to pain which commonly goes with trance.

To comprehend the effects of religious excitement operating on masses, we may inspect three pictures—the revivals of modern times—the fanatical delusions of the Cevennes—the behavior of the Con-vulsionnaires at the grave of the Abbé Paris.

“I have seen,” says M. Le Roi Sunderland, himself a preacher, [*Zion's Watchman*, New York, Oct. 2, 1842.] “persons often ‘lose their strength,’ as it is called, at camp-meetings, and other places of great religious excitement; and not pious people alone, but those also who were not professors of religion. In the spring of 1824, while performing pastoral labor in Dennis, Massachusetts, I saw more than twenty people affected in this way. Two young men, of the name of Crowell, came one day to a prayer meeting. They were quite indifferent. I conversed with them freely, but they showed no signs of penitence. From the meeting they went to their shop, (they were shoemakers,) to finish some work before going to the meeting in the evening. On seating themselves they were both struck perfectly stiff. I was immediately sent for, and found them sitting paralyzed [he means cataleptic] on their benches, with their work in their hands, unable to get up, or to move at all. I have seen scores of persons affected the same way. I have seen persons lie in this state forty-eight hours. At such times they are unable to converse, and are sometimes unconscious of what is passing round them. At the same time they say they are in a happy state of mind.”

These persons, it is evident, were thrown into one of the forms of trance through their minds being powerfully worked upon; with which cause the influence of mutual sympathy with what they saw around them, and perhaps some physical agency, coöperated.

The following extract from the same journal portrays another kind of nervous seizure, allied to the former, and produced by the same cause, as it was

manifested at the great revival, some forty years ago, at Kentucky and Tennessee.

"The convulsions were commonly called 'the jerks.' A writer, (M'Neman,) quoted by Mr. Power, (Essay on the Influence of the Imagination over the Nervous System,) gives this account of their course and progress:

"At first appearance these meetings exhibited nothing to the spectator but a scene of confusion, that could scarcely be put into language. They were generally opened with a sermon, near the close of which there would be an unusual outcry, some bursting out into loud ejaculations of prayer, &c.

"The rolling exercise consisted in being cast down in a violent manner, doubled with the head and feet together, or stretched in a prostrate manner, turning swiftly over like a dog. Nothing in nature could better represent the jerks, than for one to goad another alternately on every side with a piece of red-hot iron. The exercise commonly began in the head, which would fly backwards and forwards, and from side to side, with a quick jolt, which the person would naturally labor to suppress, but in vain. He must necessarily go on as he was stimulated, whether with a violent dash on the ground, and bounce from place to place, like a foot-ball; or hopping round with head, limbs, and trunk, twitching and jolting in every direction, as if they must inevitably fly asunder,' &c."

The following sketch is from *Dove's Journal*. "In the year 1805 he preached at Knoxville, Tennessee, before the governor, when some hundred and fifty persons, among whom were a number of Quakers, had the jerks."

"I have seen all denominations of religions exercised by the jerks, gentleman and lady, black and white, young and old, without exception. I passed a meeting-house, where I observed the undergrowth had been cut away for camp meetings, and from fifty to a hundred saplings were left, breast high, on purpose for the people who were jerked to hold by. I observed where they had held on, they had kicked up the earth, as a horse stamping flies."

Every one has heard of the extraordinary scenes which took place in the Cevennes at the close of the seventeenth century.

It was towards the end of the year 1688 a report was first heard, of a gift of prophecy which had shown itself among the persecuted followers of the reformation, who, in the south of France, had taken themselves to the mountains. The first instance was said to have occurred in the family of a glass-dealer, of the name of Du Serre, well known as the most zealous Calvinist of the neighborhood, which was a solitary spot in Dauphiné, near Mount Peyra. In the enlarging circle of enthusiasts, Gabriel Astier and Isabella Vincent made themselves first conspicuous. Isabella, a girl of sixteen years of age, from Dauphiné, who was in the service of a peasant, and tended sheep, began in her sleep to preach and prophesy, and the reformers came from far and near to hear her. An advocate, of the name of Gerlan, describes the following scene which he had witnessed. At his request she had admitted him, and a good many others, after nightfall, to a meeting at a chateau in the neighborhood. She there disposed herself upon a bed, shut her eyes, and went to sleep; in her sleep she chanted in a low tone the commandments and a psalm; after a short respite she began to preach in a louder voice, not in her own dialect, but in good French, which hitherto she had not used. The theme was an exhortation

to obey God rather than man. Sometimes she spoke so quickly as to be hardly intelligible. At certain of her pauses, she stopped to collect herself. She accompanied her words with gesticulations. Gerlan found her pulse quiet, her arm not rigid, but relaxed, as natural. After an interval, her countenance put on a mocking expression, and she began anew her exhortation, which was now mixed with ironical reflections upon the church of Rome. She then suddenly stopped, continuing asleep. It was in vain they stirred her. When her arms were lifted and let go, they dropped unconsciously. As several now went away, whom her silence rendered impatient, she said in a low tone, but just as if she was awake, "Why do you go away? Why do not you wait till I am ready?" And then she delivered another ironical discourse against the Catholic church, which she closed with a prayer.

When Boucha, the intendant of the district, heard of the performances of Isabella Vincent, he had her brought before him. She replied to his interrogatories, that people had often told her that she preached in her sleep, but that she did not herself believe a word of it. As the slightness of her person made her appear younger than she really was, the intendant merely sent her to an hospital at Grenoble, where, notwithstanding that she was visited by persons of the reformed persuasion, there was an end of her preaching—she became a Catholic!

Gabriel Astier, who had been a young laborer, likewise from Dauphiné, went in the capacity of a preacher and prophet into the valley of Bressac, in the Vivarais. He had infected his family: his father, mother, elder brother, and sweetheart, followed his example, and took to prophesying. Gabriel, before he preached, used to fall into a kind of stupor, in which he lay rigid. After delivering his sermon, he would dismiss his auditors with a kiss, and the words: "My brother, or my sister, I impart to you the Holy Ghost." Many believed that they had thus received the Holy Ghost from Astier, being taken with the same seizure. During the period of the discourse, first one, then another, would fall down; some described themselves afterwards as having felt first a weakness and trembling through the whole frame, and an impulse to yawn and stretch their arms, then they fell convulsed and foaming at the mouth. Others carried the contagion home with them, and first experienced its effects, days, weeks, months afterwards. They believed—nor is it wonderful they did so—that they had received the Holy Ghost.

Not less curious were the seizures of the convulsionnaires at the grave of the Abbé Paris, in the year 1727. These Jansenist visionaries used to collect in the church-yard of St. Médard, round the grave of the deposed and deceased deacon, and before long, the reputation of the place for working miracles getting about, they fell in troops into convulsions.

Their state had more analogy to that of the jerkers already described. But it was different. They required, to gratify an internal impulse or feeling, that the most violent blows should be inflicted upon them at the pit of the stomach. Carré de Montgeon mentions, that being himself an enthusiast in the matter, he had inflicted the blows required with an iron instrument, weighing from twenty to thirty pounds, with a round head. And as a convulsionary lady complained that he struck too lightly to relieve the feeling of depression at her stomach, he gave her sixty blows with all his force. It would not do, and she begged to have the instrument used

by a tall, strong man, who stood by in the crowd. The spasmodic tension of her muscles must have been enormous; for she received one hundred blows, delivered with such force that the wall shook behind her. She thanked the man for his benevolent aid, and contemptuously censured De Montgeron for his weakness, or want of faith, and timidity. It was, indeed, time for issuing the mandate, which, as wit read it, ran:

“De par le roi—Défense à Dieu,
De faire miracle en ce lieu.”

Turn we now to another subject:—the possessed in the middle ages—What was their physiological condition? What was really meant then by being possessed? I mean, what were the symptoms of the affection, and how are they properly to be explained? The inquiry will throw further light upon the true relations of other phenomena we have already looked at.

We have seen that Schwedenborg thought that he was in constant communication with the spiritual world; but felt convinced, and avowed, that though he saw his visitants without and around him, they reached him first inwardly, and communicated with his understanding; and thence consciously, and outwardly, with his senses. But it would be a misapplication of the term to say that he was possessed by these spirits.

We remember that Socrates had his demon; and it should be mentioned, as a prominent feature in visions generally, that their subject soon identifies one particular imaginary being as his guide and informant, to whom he applies for what knowledge he wishes. In the most exalted states of trance-waking, the guide or demon is continually referred to with profound respect by the entranced person. Now, was Socrates, and are patients of the class I have alluded to, possessed? No! the meaning of the term is evidently not yet hit.

Then there are persons who permanently fancy themselves other beings than they are, and act as such.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, there prevailed in parts of Europe a seizure, which was called the wolf-sickness. Those affected with it held themselves to be wild beasts, and betook themselves to the forests. One of these, who was brought before De Lancre, at Bordeaux, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, was a young man of Besançon. He avowed himself to be huntsman of the forest lord, his invisible master. He believed, that through the power of his master, he had been transformed into a wolf; that he hunted in the forest as such, and that he was often accompanied by a bigger wolf, whom he suspected to be the master he served—with more details of the same kind. The persons thus affected were called Wehrwolves. They enjoyed in those days the alternative of being exorcised or executed.

Arnold relates, in his history of church and of heresy, how there was a young man in Königsberg, well educated, the natural son of a priest, who had the impression, that he was met near a crucifix in the wayside by seven angels, who revealed to him that he was to represent God the Father on earth, to drive all evil out of the world, &c. The poor fellow, after pondering upon this impression a long time, issued a circular commencing thus—

“We, John Albrecht, Adelgreif, Syrdos, Amata, Kanemata, Killis, Mataldis, Schnalkillimundis, Sabrundis, Elioris, Overarch High-priest, and Empe-
ror, Prince of Peace of the whole world, Overarch

King of the holy kingdom of Heaven, Judge of the living and of the dead, God and Father, in whose divinity Christ will come on the last day to judge the world, Lord of all lords, King of all kings,” &c.

He was thereupon thrown into prison at Königsberg, regarded as a most frightful heretic, and every means were used by the clergy to reclaim him. To all their entreaties, however, he listened only with a smile of pity, “that they should think of reclaiming God the Father.” He was then put to the torture; and, as what he endured made no alteration in his convictions, he was condemned to have his tongue torn out with red-hot tongs, to be cut in four quarters, and then burned under the gallows. He wept bitterly, not at his own fate, but that they should pronounce such a sentence on the Deity. The executioner was touched with pity, and entreated him to make a final recantation. But he persisted that he was God the Father, whether they pulled his tongue out by the roots or not; and so he was executed!

The Wehrwolves, and this poor creature, in what state were they? they were merely insane. Then we must look further.

Gmelin, in the first volume of his Contributions to Anthropology, narrates, that in the year 1789, a German lady, under his observation, had daily paroxysms, in which she believed herself to be, and acted the part of, a French emigrant. She had been in distress of mind through the absence of a person she was attached to, and he was somehow implicated in the scenes of the French revolution. After an attack of fever and delirium, the complaint regulated itself, and took the form of a daily fit of trance-waking. When the time for the fit approached, she stopped in her conversation, and ceased to answer when spoken to; she then remained a few minutes sitting perfectly still, her eyes fixed on the carpet before her. Then, in evident uneasiness, she began to move her head backwards and forwards, to sigh, and to pass her fingers across her eyebrows. This lasted a minute, then she raised her eyes, looked once or twice around with timidity and embarrassment, then began to talk in French; when she would describe all the particulars of her escape from France, and, assuming the manner of a French woman, talk purer and better accented French than she had been known to be capable of talking before, correct her friends when they spoke incorrectly, but delicately and with a comment on the German rudeness of laughing at the bad pronunciation of strangers; and if led herself to speak or read German, she used a French accent, and spoke it ill; and the like.

Now, suppose this lady, instead of thus acting, when the paroxysms supervened, had cast herself on the ground, had uttered bad language and blasphemy, and had worn a sarcastic and malignant expression of countenance—in striking contrast with her ordinary character and behavior, and alternating with it—and you have the picture and the reality of a person “possessed.”

A person, “possessed,” is one affected with the form of trance-waking called double consciousness, with the addition of being deranged when in the paroxysm, and then, out of the suggestions of her own fancy, or catching at the interpretation put on her conduct by others, believing herself tenanted by the fiend.

We may quite allowably heighten the above picture by supposing that the person in her trance, in addition to being mad, might have displayed some of the perceptive powers occasionally developed in

trance; and so have evinced, in addition to her demoniacal ferocity, an "uncanny" knowledge of things and persons. To be candid, Archy, time was, when I should myself have had any doubts in such a case.

We have by this time had intercourse enough with spirits and demons to prepare us for the final subject of witchcraft.

The superstition of witchcraft stretches back into remote antiquity, and has many roots. In Europe it is partly of druidical origin. The druidesses were part priestesses, part shrewd old ladies, who dealt in magic and medicine. They were called *all-rune*, all-knowing. There was some touch of classical superstition mingled in the stream which was flowing down to us;—so an edict of a council of Trêves, in the year 1310, has this injunction: "*Nulla mulierum se nocturnis horis equitare cum Dianâ propitiatur; hæc enim demoniaca est illusio.*" But the main source from which we derived this superstition, is the East, and traditions and facts incorporated in our religion. There were only wanted the ferment of thought of the fifteenth century, the vigor, energy, ignorance, enthusiasm, and faith of those days, and the papal denunciation of witchcraft by the famous bull of Innocent the VIII. in 1459, to give fury to the delusion. And from this time for three centuries, the flames, at which more than 100,000 victims perished, cast a lurid light over Europe.

One ceases to wonder at this ugly stain in the page of history, when one considers all things fairly.

The enemy of mankind, bodily, with horns, hoofs, and tail, was believed to lurk round every corner, bent upon your spiritual, if not bodily, harm. The witch and the sorcerer were not possessed by him against their will, but went out of their way to solicit his alliance, and to offer to forward his views for their own advantage, or to gratify their malignity. The cruel punishments for a crime so monstrous were mild, compared with the practice of our own penal code fifty or sixty years ago against second-class offences. And for the startling bigotry of the judges, which appears the most discreditable part of the matter, why, how could they alone be free from the prejudices of their age? Yet they did strange things.

At Lindheim, Horst reports, on one occasion six women were implicated in a charge of having disinterred the body of a child to make a witchbroth. As they happened to be innocent of the deed, they underwent the most cruel tortures before they would confess it. At length they saw their cheapest bargain was to admit the crime, and be simply burned alive and have it over. So they did so. But the husband of one of them procured an official examination of the grave; when the child's body was found in its coffin safe and sound. What said the inquisitor! "This is indeed a proper piece of devil's work; no, no, I am not to be taken in by such a gross and obvious imposture. Luckily the women have already confessed the crime, and burned they must and shall be in honor of the holy trinity, which has commanded the extirpation of sorcerers and witches." The six women were burned alive accordingly.

It was hard upon them, because they were innocent. But the regular witches, as times went, hardly deserved any better fate—considering, I mean, their honest and straight-forward intentions of doing that which they believed to be the most desperate wrong achievable. Many there were who sought to be initiated in the black art. They were

re-baptized with the support of responsible witch sponsors, abjured Christ, and entered to the best of their belief into a compact with the devil; and forthwith commenced a course of bad works, poisoning and bewitching men and cattle, and the like, or trying to do so.

One feature transpired in these details, that is merely pathetic, not horrifying or disgusting.

The little children of course talked witchcraft, and you may fancy, Archy, what charming gossip it must have made. Then the poor little things were sadly wrought on by the tales they told. And they fell into trances and had visions shaped by their heated fancies.

A little maid, of twelve years of age, used to fall into fits of sleep, and afterwards she told her parents, and the judge, how an old woman and her daughter, riding on a broom-stick, had come and taken her out with them. The daughter sat foremost, the old woman behind, the little maid between them. They went away through the roof of the house, over the adjoining houses and the town gate, to a village some way off. There they went down a chimney of a cottage into a room, where sat a tall black man and twelve women. They eat and drank. The black man filled their glasses from a can, and gave each of the women a handful of gold. She herself had received none; but she had eaten and drank with them.

A list of persons burned in Salzburg for participation in witchcraft, between the years 1627 and 1629, in an outbreak of this frenzy, which had its origin in an epidemic among the cattle, enumerates children of 14, 12, 11, 10, 9, years of age; which in some degree reconciles one to the fate of the fourteen canons, four gentlemen of the choir, two young men of rank, a fat old lady of rank, the wife of a burgo-master, a counsellor, the fattest burgo-master of Wartzburg, together with his wife, the handsomest woman in the city, and a midwife of the name of Schiekelte, with whom (according to an N. B. in the original report) the whole mischief originated. To amateurs of executions in those days the fatness of the victim was evidently a point of consideration, as is shown by the specifications of that quality in some of the victims in the above list. Were men devils then? By no means; there existed then as now upon earth, worth, honor, truth, benevolence, gentleness. But there were other ingredients, too, from which the times are not yet purged. A century ago people did not know—do they now?—that vindictive punishment is a crime; that the only allowable purpose of punishment is to prevent the recurrence of the offence; and that restraint, isolation, employment, instruction, are the extreme and only means towards that end which reason and humanity justify. Alas, for human nature! Some centuries hence, the first half of the nineteenth century will be charged with having manifested no admission of principle in advance of a period, the judicial crimes of which make the heart shudder. The old lady witches had, of course, much livelier ideas than the innocent children, on the subject of their intercourse with the devils.

At Mora, in Sweden, in 1669, of many who were put to the torture and executed, seventy-two women agreed in the following avowal, that they were in the habit of meeting at a place called Blöckel. That on their calling out "Come forth!" the devil used to appear to them in a gray coat, red breeches, gray stockings, with a red beard, and a peaked hat with party-colored feathers on his head. He then enforced upon them, not without blows, that they

must bring him, at nights, their own and other people's children, stolen for the purpose. They travel through the air to Blocula, either on beasts, or on spits, or broomsticks. When they have many children with them, they rig on an additional spar to lengthen the back of the goat or their broomstick that the children may have room to sit. At Blocula they sign their name in blood and are baptized. The devil is a humorous, pleasant gentleman; but his table is coarse enough, which makes the children often sick on their way home, the product being the so-called witch-butter found in the fields. When the devil is larky, he solicits the witches to dance round him on their brooms, which he suddenly pulls from under them, and uses to beat them with till they are black and blue. He laughs at this joke till his sides shake again. Sometimes he is in a more gracious mood, and plays to them lovely airs upon the harp; and occasionally sons and daughters are born to the devil, which take up their residence at Blocula.

I will add an outline of the history, furnished or corroborated by her voluntary confession, of a lady witch, nearly the last executed for this crime. She was, at the time of her death, seventy years of age, and had been many years sub-prioress of the convent of Unterzell, near Wartzburg.

Maria Renata took the veil at nineteen years of age, against her inclination, having previously been initiated in the mysteries of witchcraft, which she continued to practise for fifty years under the cloak of punctual attendance to discipline and pretended piety. She was long in the station of sub-prioress, and would, for her capacity, have been promoted to the rank of prioress, had she not betrayed a certain discontent with the ecclesiastic life, a certain contrariety to her superiors, something half expressed only of inward dissatisfaction. Renata had not ventured to let any one about the convent into her confidence, and she remained free from suspicion, notwithstanding that, from time to time, some of the nuns, either from the herbs she mixed with their food, or through sympathy, had strange seizures, of which some died. Renata became at length extravagant and unguarded in her witch propensities, partly from long security, partly from desire of stronger excitement; made noises in the dormitory, and uttered shrieks in the garden; went at nights into the cells of the nuns to pinch and torment them, to assist her in which she kept a considerable supply of cats. The removal of the keys of the cells counteracted this annoyance; but a still more efficient means was a determined blow on the part of a nun, struck at the aggressor with the penitential scourge one night, on the morning following which Renata was observed to have a black eye and a cut face. This event awakened suspicion against Renata. Then, one of the nuns, who was much esteemed, declared, believing herself upon her death-bed, that, "as she shortly expected to stand before her Maker, Renata was uncanny, that she had often at nights been visibly tormented by her, and that she warned her to desist from this course." General alarm arose, and apprehension of Renata's arts; and one of the nuns, who previously had had fits, now became possessed, and in the paroxysms told the wildest tales against Renata. It is only wonderful how the sub-prioress contrived to keep her ground many years against these suspicions and incriminations. She adroitly put aside the insinuations of the nun as imaginary or of calumnious intention, and treated witchcraft and possession of the devil as things which enlightened

people no longer believed in. As, however, five more of the nuns, either taking the infection from the first, or influenced by the arts of Renata, became possessed of devils, and unanimously attacked Renata, the superiors could no longer avoid making a serious investigation of the charges. Renata was confined in a cell alone, whereupon the six devils screeched in chorus at being deprived of their friend. She had begged to be allowed to take her papers with her; but this being refused, and thinking herself detected, she at once avowed to her confessor and the superiors that she was a witch, had learned witchcraft out of the convent, and had bewitched the six nuns. They determined to keep the matter secret, and to attempt the conversion of Renata. And as the nuns still continued possessed, they despatched her to a remote convent. Here, under a show of outward piety, she still went on with her attempts to realize witchcraft, and the nuns remained possessed. It was decided at length to give Renata over to the civil power. She was accordingly condemned to be burned alive; but in mitigation of punishment her head was first struck off. Four of the possessed nuns gradually recovered with clerical assistance; the other two remained deranged. Renata was executed on the 21st January, 1749.

Renata stated, in her voluntary confession, that she had often at night been carried bodily to witch-Sabbaths; in one of which she was first presented to the prince of darkness, when she abjured God and the virgin at the same time. Her name, with the alteration of Maria into Emma, was written in a black book, and she herself was stamped on the back as the devil's property, in return for which she received the promise of seventy years of life, and all she might wish for. She stated that she had often, at night, gone into the cellar of the *chateau* and drank the best wine; in the shape of a swine had walked on the convent walls; on the bridge had milked the cows as they passed over; and several times had mingled with the actors in the theatre in London.

A question unavoidably presents itself—How came witchcraft to be in so great a degree the province of women? There existed sorcerers, no doubt, but they were comparatively few. Persons of either sex and of all ages indiscriminately interested themselves in the black art; but the professors and regular practitioners were almost exclusively women, and principally old women. The following seem to have been some of the causes. Women were confined to household toils; their minds had not adequate occupation: many young unmarried women, without duties, would lack objects of sufficient interest for their yearnings; many of the old ones, despised, ill-treated probably, soured with the world, rendered spiteful and vindictive, took even more readily to a resource which roused and gave employment to their imaginations, and promised to gratify their wishes. It is evident, too, that the supposed sex of the devil helped him here. The old women had an idea of making much of him, and of coaxing, and getting round the black gentleman. But beside all this, there lies in the physical temperament of the other sex a peculiar susceptibility of derangement of the nervous system, a predisposition to all the varieties of trance, with its prolific sources of mental illusion—all tending, it is to be observed, to advance the belief and enlarge the pretensions of witchcraft.

The form of trance which specially dominated in witchcraft was trance-sleep with visions. The

graduates and candidates in the faculty sought to fall into trances, in the dreams of which they realized their waking aspirations. They entertained no doubt, however, that their visits to the devil and their nocturnal exploits were genuine; and they seem to have wilfully shut their eyes to the possibility of their having never left their beds. For, with a skill that should have betrayed to them the truth, they were used to prepare a witch-broth to promote in some way their nightly expeditions. And this they composed not only of materials calculated to prick on the imagination, but of substantial narcotics, too—the medical effects of which they no doubt were acquainted with. They contemplated evidently producing a sort of stupor.

The professors of witchcraft had thus made the singular step of artificially producing a sort of trance, with the object of availing themselves of one of its attendant phenomena. The Thammans in Siberia do the like to this day to obtain the gift of prophecy. And it is more than probable that the Egyptian and Delphic priests habitually availed themselves of some analogous procedure. Modern mesmerism is in part an effort in the same direction.

Without at all comprehending the real character of the power called into play, mankind seems to have found out by a "mera palpato," by instinctive experiment and lucky groping in the dark, that in the stupor of trance the mind occasionally stumbles upon odds and ends of strange knowledge and prescience. The phenomenon was never for an instant suspected of lying in the order of nature. It was construed, to suit the occasion and the times, either into divine inspiration or diabolic whisperings. But it was always supernatural. So the ignorant old lemon-seller in Zschokke's *Selbstschau* thought his "hidden wisdom" a mystical wonder; while the enlightened and accomplished narrator of their united stories stands alone, in striking advance ever of his own day, when he unassumingly and diffidently puts forward his seer-gift as a *simple contribution to psychical knowledge*. And thus, my proposed task accomplished, my dear Archy, finally yours, &c.,

MAC DAVUS.

From the N. O. Picayune.

SALTILLO, MEXICO, May 11, 1847.

WELL, I have penetrated thus far into the country of the enemy without seeing anything like fighting or even skirmishing, or seeing an armed Mexican, save and except the unhappy-looking police of Monterey and this place. I started from Monterey on the morning of the glorious 8th of May, the anniversary of the day when the first battle was fought on the plains of Palo Alto, and arrived here in the afternoon of the equally glorious 9th of May, having stopped at the Passo Rinconada one night. Of all the dens it was ever my misfortune to enter, the Pass capped the climax, and I really quite envied the pleasure that Herr Driesbach must enjoy on entering the cage with his lions and tigers. The place is garrisoned by three companies of Col. Curtis' regiment of Ohio volunteers, and a more ragged, woe-begone set I never saw. To get anything to eat was out of the question, and there were no quarters indoors. Maj. Butler, U. S. Paymaster, arrived in the afternoon, and paid off the men, and some of them immediately began to drink musical and play cards. The night was made hideous by the continual jangling and quarrelling of those who had been unlucky enough to lose their money; and sleep, until the gray of the morning, it was impos-

sible to obtain. The small party of which I was a component part left at sunrise without any breakfast and a ride of thirty odd miles before us. With the faint, seductive hope that we might obtain breakfast at a rancho about twelve miles off, I regret to say, but a regard for truth compels me to utter the melancholy fact, that the inhabited rancho existed only in the heated imagination of our informant, for not a particle of refreshment could we obtain until we reached a small rancho five miles from Saltillo, where we succeeded in procuring a cup of thick coffee.

Upon reaching Saltillo I was delighted to find that the place had not suffered in the slightest degree from the occupation of our forces. The streets were all clean and in good repair, and in every door and at every window were *senoras* and *senoritas*. It was some high church day and observed as a *fête*. The streets were thronged with Mexicans, men, women, and children, and all rigged off in their very best. In the morning, before I arrived, there was a grand procession, and during the remainder of the day there was a general *vamosing* and *cavorting* through the streets. Nearly all the inhabitants of the city have returned to their homes since the battle of Buena Vista. All countries have their different customs, and in a strange country to a stranger they are all interesting. I witnessed on the afternoon of my arrival a ceremony which was to me highly interesting. It was the burial of a *muchacha*, a small female child. My attention was first accidentally attracted by the sight of a priest clad in a large white robe, ornamented with various emblems pertaining to the Catholic church, coming out of one of the cathedrals, preceded by a couple of small altar boys in their scarlet under robes and white mantles, each bearing a candle branch, while the dolefully discordant ringing of the bells apprized me that something unusual was going on. I followed, and after a short walk, the priest entered a small house on the corner of a street, and around which there were a number of males and females. I soon heard a discordant sound produced by three fiddlers and a venerable-looking individual with a violoncello, each playing a distinct and separate tune, if I may be allowed to use the word, and accompanied by several voices in an unintelligible chant.

While this was going on inside two men outside were throwing up small Mexican rockets, which exploded with a report as loud as that of a pistol. Very soon the altar boys and the padre, preceded by the musicians, came out of the house, followed by the corpse borne on the shoulders of four men. The bier was composed of a short box, having an upright cross at the head, shrouded with white muslin and covered with a profusion of artificial flowers, beautifully made, and other ornaments. On the top of the bier was a dark-brown figure, about eighteen inches long, dressed in a velvet robe, decorated with gold tinsel, and upon its head a bright brass or golden crown, confining a mass of long black hair. The hands of the figure were clasped tightly over the breast, and had, as well as the features, a waxy appearance. The funeral procession, which was small, proceeded to the church, where the funeral service was performed, and there was more fiddling and chanting; after which the body was borne about a mile and a half to a consecrated burial ground, unaccompanied by the priest, but still preceded by the fiddlers and the men with rockets. Before getting to the graveyard it was necessary to cross a creek of considerable size, and

here all the paraphernalia was left. To my surprise, what I had considered a wax figure of *Santa Guadalupe*, and which I have described, was the poor little infant who had been snatched away to join the pure spirits of heaven. I could not help remarking that there was no expression of sorrow on the part of the parents and friends of the child, but it seemed to be more the occasion for rejoicing. Some of the Mexicans who followed the little procession from motives of curiosity, appeared to be pleased at seeing an American looker-on, asked me if it was an American custom, and if I did not think in *mucho bueno*.

In finding my way back to the heart of the city I came to a beautiful grove of trees, more than a mile long, on the western side of the city, where there was about to be a Mexican horse-race. A more delightful spot could not be selected, and it was literally thronged with people of all classes and ages—Mexican women selling cake, *pulque* beer, milk, candies, and other nick-nacks, and everything reminding me of a gala day in the States. Except some few ferocious-looking men, enveloped uncomfortably close in thick blankets, the very picture of Mexican bravos, everybody looked just as happy and contented as if their poor, unfortunate country was not overrun by the barbarous North Americans—"the degenerate sons of Washington!"

What think you was the first sight that I beheld when I alighted from my horse in this place, after a hot ride of thirty miles!—why, a Mexican with a little tub filled with ice! surrounding a tin freezer filled with well-made fruit ice! I never tasted a better flavored or more delicious orange ice, and the luxury was as welcome as unexpected. I immediately made up my mind that the Mexicans were a more refined and civilized people than we had been disposed to give them credit for being. The weather here is not really so warm as at Monterey, and there is generally a good breeze prevailing during the day and night. The health of the city is good, although there are a good many cases of chills and fever among some of the regiments of volunteers at Buena Vista in camp, and some few cases of small-pox in the city.

There is little or no news of any interest, except that a party of Camanche Indians have pounced down upon a small rancho about ten miles from here, killed several of the men, plundered the houses, and bore off the women and children. They were said to be about thirty or forty strong. As soon as the intelligence was received, a squadron of U. S. dragoons were ordered to remove for the rancho and protect the inhabitants, but subsequent intelligence being received that the Camanches had got away, the order was countermanded. We are yet all in the dark with regard to Gen. Scott's movements against Santa Anna, but rumor has it that the Mexicans have been entirely routed and defeated.

Considerable uneasiness is felt here with regard to the safety of Col. Doniphan's command, from whom nothing authentic has recently been heard. Captain Pike, with a small party of volunteer cavalry, proceeded to join Col. Doniphan about three weeks ago, but nothing has been heard of him since he left Parras which can be relied upon. Mexican report has it that he has been attacked and defeated; and concerning Col. Doniphan there is one report that he has fallen back on Santa Fe.

With regard to the volunteer regiments now occupying this quarter, whose term of service is on the eve of expiring, there is not any disposition to

volunteer for the remainder of the war, with some few individual exceptions. Many, if not a greater portion of the regiments, would be willing to remain for three or four months longer, provided they could be marched at once toward San Luis; but without the assurance that such would be the case, I am told that not more than four or five hundred could be raised out of all the forces here. The movements of this division of the army must depend, in a great measure, upon Gen. Scott's successes, and until authentic information can be received of them there is no telling what will be done. I am afraid I forgot to mention in my last letter that Henry McCulloch arrived in Monterey a few days before I left with five companies of Texas rangers, in obedience to Col. Curtis' call at the time of the great *stampede*. Gen. Taylor has declined receiving them without authority to warrant him in doing so, and they are to return to San Antonio. I believe they were raised originally for frontier protection.

A young man named Morris Simmons, one of the Texan rangers, while riding in advance of a train going from Monterey to Camargo, with a few companions, was fired upon by a party of Mexicans near Cerralvo some days since, and shot in the thigh. He fell from his horse, and as the Mexican who shot him came out of the chapparral to rob him, he shot him dead with his five shooter. The rest of the party fled, and the account we have received states that Simmons' companions were carried out of reach by their horses becoming unmanageable. His leg was amputated, but no hopes were entertained of his recovery. This young man, in company with a companion, ran the gauntlet of lancers from Saltillo to Rinconada, carrying the order for Gen. Marshall to march on with his two heavy pieces of ordnance. The mail is about closing, and I must conclude. J. E. D.

SALTILLO, MEXICO, May 14, 1847.—The joyous sound of the drum and fife are just now heard playing that ever welcome national air, "Yankee Doodle." Never did drum and fife give forth the notes with greater zest, and the whole life and soul of the musicians seemed to be centred in their instruments. It is the band of the 2d Kentucky regiment entering the town on their way home, and a joyful occasion for them all. This morning, prior to their leaving camp, Gen. Wool came in front of the column, made an appropriate and complimentary little speech, and with a portion of his staff came part way into town with them. As they left camp they marched by the two Illinois regiments, by whose side they fought in the battle, and both regiments were turned out and ready to receive them. As they filed off, their companions in arms gave them three hearty cheers. The 2d and 3d Ohio regiments also turned out and saluted them as they passed. They leave town in a few moments. May they have a safe return to their families and friends. There is nothing new this morning. I neglected to mention in my letter of yesterday, that a general order was received from Gen. Taylor a day or two since and read to the troops, congratulating them upon the victory that had been achieved on the 18th of April by Gen. Scott's division of the army.

J. E. D.

From the London Times.

THE MEXICAN WAR.

EUROPE will be tired of a campaign in which conquests bring no particle of credit, and fighting no prospect of peace, and in which it is equally impos-

sible to applaud the victors or commiserate the vanquished. The intelligence from America which we published yesterday corresponds so exactly with the information to be expected that it might all have been printed by prophesy a fortnight ago. After establishing a provisional government in Vera Cruz, General Scott took the route to Mexico by the ordinary road, which slopes in a northwesterly direction along the ascent from the low lands of the Gulf coast to the *tierras templadas* of the first plateau. He passed the Puente Nacional without opposition, though it has always been considered as one of the most defensible posts on the route. Santa Anna had not descended so far, but had taken up a position at Cerro Gordo, a mountain ridge about half way between the Antigua and Xalapa, the first respectable town on the road from Vera Cruz to the capital. Travellers have described this journey as an undertaking of no insignificant enterprise, even with the aid of the best *diligencias* of the country; but the American troops appear to have advanced pretty smoothly till they found themselves in front of their enemy on the 12th of April. Santa Anna was posted with about 14,000 men on some heights which commanded the main road like a glacis, and from which he could have poured a storm of balls into the advancing columns. After two reconnoissances, however, the "trails" of which are minutely laid down in the American journals, General Scott determined, on the 18th, to turn the left flank of the enemy—a service on which Generals Shield and Worth immediately proceeded, while General Pillow occupied his attention on the right. Simultaneously with these attacks General Twiggs was ordered against the main batteries in the centre, a charge which proved more serious than the other two; but after some resistance and some loss he succeeded in carrying the position. Meantime, Worth had experienced no further difficulties than those presented by the nature of the ground, and was favored with the immediate surrender of his opponent as soon as he could get near enough for a summons; but Shield received a grape shot through the lungs from a battery in front, though the latest advices speak of his recovery as still possible. General Pillow on the right actually experienced a repulse, and was preparing a renewed attack after some serious losses, when the events on the left and centre induced a general surrender. The killed and wounded are said to be about equal on either side, but the Mexicans lost 6000 prisoners, including four generals.

Santa Anna is said to have decamped in good time, leaving his carriage, like Joseph's at Vittoria, to the spoil of his pursuers, who, in place of Murillos and Correggios, discovered the more appreciable treasure of some highly-flavored Cubas and an excellent stock of preserved meats. Ampudia, the second in command, left the field early without his hat, on a splendid white charger, as conspicuous as that of Roderick the Goth. The commander-in-chief is reported to be at Orizaba, a town just under the great peak of that name, whence he has issued a proclamation, stating that there is "another Thermopylæ" between Xalapa and Mexico. The Americans were politely received by the "corporation and civil authorities" at Xalapa, and have pushed on to Perote, from which town they will march on La Puebla and so to the capital; General Taylor, as is rumored, having been ordered to effect a junction with the main body by a southward march from San Luis.

There is not much doubt but that the Americans can march to Mexico, and could have done so some time ago. Santa Anna could certainly operate on

their flank from his post at Orizaba, if he had the proper means or motives; and if, as is stated, the Mexicans are positively preparing for some real resistance at La Puebla, another affair might ensue. But we presume that few of our readers will put much faith in the determination or patriotism of the invaded nation. New Spain is as like Old Spain as ever a child was like a parent. If the Mexicans had but been blessed with a little Baylen, the whole scene would be a wonderful representation of the peninsula in 1809. They vapor and brag, and boast and fume, without the smallest apparent sense of their daily discomfitures. Their papers and proclamations are filled with predictions of future victories, to the utter exclusion of present defeats. As far as words, and, perhaps, even as far as resolutions go, they are all daring and defiance, and yet they never adopt an ordinary precaution or abide an ordinary shock. At this moment, by an *extempore* revolution in the capital, they have displaced Gomez Farias and exalted Don Pedro Araya to a newly created office of "President-substitute," with absolute power for everything *except* the conclusion of a peace. To read their various manifestoes, no person could possibly conceive that they were any other than the most warlike and unconquerable nation under heaven. The confidence of Varro after Cannæ altogether vanishes compared with the complacency of Santa Anna after eighteen settled defeats within thirteen months. *De republica non desperasse*, indeed! Why, if this is fortune the Mexicans are infinitely more courageous than even those contiguous islanders of the Caribbean, whose only historical fault is being "really too brave." And the extraordinary point of the story is, that these assertions of intrepidity and patriotism do actually appear both universal and sincere. There is no peace-party at Mexico. The voice of all is for open war. There is no terrorism; people are not driven to patriotism by the guillotine and the gallows, as at Saragoessa and Barcelona. With one accord and one heart they proclaim their own invincible determination never to surrender, and yet they never face an enemy for a moment, and now, when he is at the gates of their capital, they are neither fortifying nor arming, and will probably be found without a cannon mounted or a battalion mustered. All this, however, but aggravates the difficulty of the Americans. (They neither want to capture the towns nor chastise the population. They want a friendly surrender, or a peaceful sale of a coveted province. They want the Mexican nation to ratify a bargain, pronounce a free consent, and resign a quiet possession; and the patriotic obstinacy which precludes this arrangement is precisely that to which the Mexicans are equal.) The American journals admit that the most complete success of their arms has produced no visible effect on the temper of the invaded people, and it is but little further that these successes can now possibly go. The Americans have already got all the seacoast, the customs, the chief forts, and the chief towns, and, while we write, they have probably got the metropolis, of their victims. They have dispersed their armies, captured their generals, and destroyed their *material*; but it is confessed that "the war seems about as far from its close as when it started;" and it is now to be seen what force will be brought to bear against a people whose self-sufficiency suffers by no discomfiture, whose delusions are dispelled by no defeats, and who can dispense with a government, a capital, or a coast, as easily as with character or credit.

THE BLACK PRINCE.

I'll tell you a tale of a knight, my boy,
The bravest that ever was known;
A lion he was in the fight, my boy,
A lamb when the battle was done.
Oh, he need not be named; for who has not heard
Of the glorious son of King Edward the Third!

Armor he wore as black as jet;
His sword was keen and good;
He conquered every foe he met,
And he spared them when subdued.
Valiant and generous, and gentle and bold,
Was the Black Prince of England in days of old.

Often he charged with spear and lance
At the head of his valorous knights;
But the battle of Poitiers, won in France,
Was the noblest of all his fights;
And every British heart should be
Proud when it thinks of that victory.

The French were many—the English few;
But the Black Prince little heeded:
His knights, he knew, were brave and true;
Their arms were all he needed.
He asked not *how many* might be the foe;
Where are they? was all that he sought to know.

So he spurred his steed, and he couched his lance,
And the battle was won and lost;
Captive he took King John of France,
The chief of that mighty host:
Faint grew the heart of each gallant foe;
Their leader was taken; their hopes were low.

Brave were the French; but at last they yield,
All wearied and worn out:
The prince is conqueror of the field;
And the English soldiers shout,
"God save our prince, our mighty lord!
Victory waiteth on his sword!"

Of all the knights who fought that day,
James Audley was the best;
His wounds were three, won valiantly,
On cheek, and brow, and breast:
And the Black Prince said, when the fight was o'er,
He never had seen such a knight before.

And did they chain King John of France?
Was he in dungeon laid?
Oh, little ye know what a generous foe
Our English Edward made!
A gentle heart, and an arm of might—
These are the things that make a knight.

He set King John on a lofty steed,
White as the driven snow,
And without all pride he rode beside,
On a palfrey slight and low:
He spoke to the king with a reverent mien,
As though the king had his captor been.

He treated King John like an honored guest;
When at the feast he sate,
With courteous air, and with forehead bare,
The prince did on him wait;
And even when they to England came,
Our generous hero was the same.

But the prisoner's heart it grew not light,
For all the prince could say:
A captive king and a conquered knight,
Oh, how could he be gay?
E'en while his courteous words were speaking,
For his own dear France his heart was breaking.

Another lay shall the story tell
Of this valiant king and true:
He loved the Black Prince passing well,
And his worth full well he knew.
Then let us all unite to praise
That hero of the olden days.

The Romans, when they won the day,
And bore their captives home,
Caused them to march in sad array,
Fettered and chained, through Rome;
And every foe, though good and brave,
They held as victim or as slave.

But ours was a Christian conqueror,
Generous, and true, and kind:
Though the grave has now closed o'er his brow,
He hath left this rule behind,—
That valor should ever wedded be
To mercy, and not to cruelty.

From Lays and Ballads of English History.

KING JOHN OF FRANCE.

"In mine own land the sun shines bright,
The morning breeze blows fair;
I must not look upon that light,
I must not feel that air.
The chain is heavy on my heart,
Although my limbs are free;
A bitter, bitter loss thou art,
O precious liberty!"

It was King John lamented thus,
With many a mournful word;
But gentle, kind, and chivalrous,
Was the heart of him who heard:
The Black Prince came—he loved to bring
Comfort and sweet relief,
So he spake softly to the king,
And strove to soothe his grief.

"Now cheer thee, noble friend!" he said;
"Right bravely didst thou fight;
Thine honor is untarnished;
Thou art a stainless knight.
That man should ne'er desponding be
Who winneth fame in strife;
'T is a better thing than liberty,
A better thing than life.

"I grant thee one full year," he said;
"For a year thou shalt be free:
Go back to France, and there persuade
Thy lords to ransom thee.
But if thy ransom they refuse,
And do not heed thy pain,
Our realm must not its captive lose—
Thou must return again.

"So pledge me now thy royal word,
And pledge it solemnly,
That thou, the captive of my sword,
Wilt faithful be to me."
The king he pledged his royal faith—
He pledged it gladly;
He promised to be true till death:
Of joyous heart was he.

Then did those generous foes embrace
Closely as brethren might,—
"Farewell, and God be with your grace!"
"Farewell, thou peerless knight!"
The wind was fair, the sea was blue,
The sky without a speck,
When the good ship o'er the waters flew,
With King John upon its deck.

With eager hope his heart beat high
When he sprang on his own dear shore ;
But sad and downcast was his eye
Ere one brief month was o'er.
Glad were the lords of lovely France
When they beheld their king ;
But oh ! how altered was their glance
When he spoke of ransoming !

They told of wasted revenues,
Of fortunes waxing low ;
And when their words did not refuse,
Their looks said plainly, "No."
Sore grew the heart of that good king,
As closed the winter drear :
And when the rose proclaimed the spring
He hailed it with a tear.

For the year was gliding fast away,
And gold he could not gain,
And honor summoned him to pay
His freedom back again.
And now the summer-noon is bright,
The warm breeze woos the scent
From a thousand flowers of red and white ;
The year is fully spent !

"Paris, farewell, thou ancient town !
Farewell, my woods and plains !
Farewell, my kingdom and my crown !
And welcome, English chains !
Trim, trim the bark and hoist the sail,
And bid my train advance,
I have found that loyal faith may fail—
I leave thee, thankless France !"

These bitter words spake good King John ;
But his liegemen counsel gave :

"What reck's it that the year is gone ?
There yet is time to save.
Thou standest yet on thine own good land,
Forget thy plighted word,—
Remain ! and to thy foe's demand
We'll answer with the sword."

But the good King John spake firm and bold ;
And oh ! his words should be
Graven in characters of gold
On each heart's memory :

"Were truth disowned by all mankind,
A scorned and banished thing,
A resting-place it still should find
In the breast of every king."

Again the good ship cleaves the sea
Before a favoring air,
But it beareth to captivity,
And not to freedom fair.
Yet when King John set foot on land,
Sad he could scarcely be,
For the Black Prince took him by the hand,
And welcomed him courteously.

To Savoy Castle he was brought,
With fair and royal state :
Full many a squire, in rich attire,
Did on his pleasure wait.
They did not as a prisoner hold
That noble king and true,
But as dear guest, whose high behest
'T was honor and joy to do.

Of treaty and of ransom then
The prince and he had speech ;
Like friends and fellow-countrymen,
Great was the love of each ;
No angry thought—no gesture proud,
Not a hasty word they spoke,
But a brotherhood of heart they vowed,
And its bond they never broke.

In Savoy Castle died King John—
They buried him royally ;
And grief through all the land is gone
That such a knight should die.
And the prince was wont to say this thing
Whene'er his name was spoken,—
"He was a warrior and a king
Whose word was never broken."

[The above ballad is a sequel to "The Black Prince," and is derived from the same source.]

THE IMPERFECTION OF HISTORY.—Nothing is more delusive, or at least more woefully imperfect, than the suggestions of authentic history, as it is generally, or rather universally, written. And nothing more exaggerated than the impressions it conveys of the actual state and condition of those who live in its most agitated periods. The great public events of which alone it takes cognizance have but little direct influence upon the body of the people ; and do not, in general, form the principal business or happiness or misery even of those who are in some measure concerned in them. Even in the worst and most disastrous times—in periods of civil war and revolution, and public discord and oppression, a great part of the time of a great part of the people is spent in making love and money—in social amusement or professional industry—in schemes for worldly advancement or personal distinction—just as in periods of general peace and prosperity. Men court and marry very nearly as much in the one season as in the other ; and are as merry at weddings and christenings—as gallant at balls and races—as busy in their studies and counting-houses—eat as heartily, in short, and sleep as sound—prattle with their children as pleasantly—and thin their plantations and scold their servants as zealously, as if their contemporaries were not furnishing materials thus abundantly for the tragic muse of history. The quiet under current of life, in short, keeps its deep and steady course in its eternal channels, unaffected, or but slightly disturbed, by the storms that agitate its surface ; and while long tracts of time, in the history of every country, seem to the distant student of its annals, to be darkened over with one thick and oppressive cloud of unbroken misery, the greater part of those who have lived through the whole acts of the tragedy, will be found to have enjoyed a fair average share of felicity, and to have been much less affected by the shocking events of their day than those who know nothing else of it than that such events took place in its course.—*Jeffrey.*

A NEW PLASTER OF PARIS.—The *Presse* is very eloquent about "the alliance between France and Russia being cemented" by the emperor's loan of 2,000,000 francs. If money is cement, what a pity it is so costly, for generally it does not go very far, and requires to be laid on very thick to make two opposite sides hold together for any length of time. We dare say Louis Philippe likes this new kind of cement amazingly, and does not mind how often it is renewed ; but then it must be applied in pretty large quantities ; for if his French majesty has a weakness, it is in not sticking at a trifle. Who will wager with us that this new alliance, with all its boasted cement, is not shattered to pieces in less than a twelvemonth ?—*Punch.*

EVERY man is not a proper champion for the truth, nor fit to take up the gauntlet in the cause of verity. Many, from an inconsiderate zeal unto the truth, have too rashly charged the troops of error, and remain as trophies to the enemies of truth.—*Sir Thomas Brown.*

A RESOLUTION which costs us much should be realized the moment it is formed. The heart may not have strength for a second effort.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

SOME PASSAGES IN THE HISTORY OF A REMARKABLE ORGAN.

I was still but a child, a child of sixteen—[it is a German musician who speaks]—when I believed myself master of the art. I was young; and, as my violin yielded a thousand pleasing sounds to the touch of my bow, I thought I had little more to learn. Happy presumption of youth! My violin was dear to me as my life; and I the more willingly gave myself up to this passion for music, that I, in my ignorance, believed that I was every day approaching perfection.

However, I was not the only one infatuated with the same musical ardor in our little German town. Many lads of my own age abandoned themselves to this mania; and we soon formed a band among ourselves. All our neighbors came three or four times a week to my father's house to listen to our concerts; for we gave them more music than they could attend to in one evening. They listened, praised, and admired us to our heart's content.

One evening in autumn the air was calm and serene, the sky was clear, time appeared to fly slower than usual, and even our violins seemed to share the balmy sweetness that reigned around; when suddenly a man of most singular appearance entered my father's hall, in which we were all assembled. He wore an old pair of purple velvet trousers, which were almost threadbare; his woolen stockings were cross-barred blue; his shoes, which could scarcely be seen, were ornamented with silver buckles. This fantastic costume was completed by a light-green coat, with large glittering brass buttons; above which was an immense black cravat; and above the cravat a most melancholy face, round which hung a profusion of long, curly hair. His countenance was particularly grave; but his eyes were sparkling and intelligent. He entered my father's house without being announced; and, observing a vacant place in the corner of the hall, beside my pretty cousin Nanrel, he seated himself; after which he assumed an attentive air, to listen to the concert. But the presence of this stranger struck us all with unutterable and indescribable fear. He was hardly seated beside my pretty Nanrel, when we all played out of tune. In vain my father, who was a clever musician, hastened to our assistance; he could do nothing. Then the stranger advanced towards me, and, with rather a stern air, said, "Young man, your ardor leads you too far; you are attached to a bow which is too brilliant for you; it is an instrument which the inexperienced should not touch, lest they burn their fingers." However, the stranger picked up the bow, which had fallen from me in my confusion, and taking the violin from my hands, began to play. Then, indeed, I felt myself more humbled than ever; but I also felt enraptured at the delightful music. Such exquisite, admirable harmony, which seemed to descend from heaven! and oh, what plaintive, melodious notes, the violin yielded to the stranger's touch! It was as if an invisible soul, concealed in that echoing wood, was suddenly awakened by a ray from on high. When the stranger had laid down the instrument we all still appeared to listen to him. My father was the first who took his hand; and in the most kind and respectful terms, bade him welcome. Nevertheless, he resumed his natural modesty, and blushed for the praises bestowed upon him. At length the

crowd took leave; and my father, the stranger, and I, were alone.

We knew that there was to be, in our little town, in that very month of September, a meeting of all the great German masters, who wished to form in it a good and useful musical association; and we naturally concluded that the stranger was a new master, who had just arrived to be present at the meeting; and, as my father was prejudiced in his favor, he offered him the hospitality of his house; which he gratefully accepted. Behold, then, our guest; behold him seated at our table, and at our fire-side, as if he were my father's brother. Simple, good, and wise he certainly was; and, whenever the conversation turned on that great and inexhaustible topic, the manufacture of musical instruments, their improvements, their intricacies, and all the ingenious contrivances necessary to attain the desired end, the stranger was almost unable to restrain himself.

Such was the life we led for about a fortnight; lavishing on our esteemed guest all the care and kindness he merited. We paid strict attention to his instructions, and blessed him from our hearts for all his counsels. Often would he say to us, "Young men, love music; it is the food of the soul; it can teach us the end of life; it is the immortality of this world." Thus he used to speak; but if, accidentally, he saw a stranger coming to the house, he would fly into the garden; he liked to be alone, or at least alone with us.

One day, however, it happened that a friend of my father's, named Kurtz, arrived. He was a rich timber-merchant, in the environs. To tell the truth, this good man, Kurtz, was no favorite of mine; he was rich, and generous; knew how to sell his goods at a high price, and to purchase at the very cheapest rate:—in short, he was a man of the world, and quite out of my line, as the son of an artist, and one who liked the society of artists only. At the sight of the timber-merchant, he hastened into the garden; but Kurtz had already seen and recognized him, and followed him with his eye.

"Who is this you have staying with you?" said he to my father;—"you have a singular guest, upon my word; and, indeed, I should rather know that he was at the bottom of the sea, than in your house."

"You know him, then," exclaimed my father, with ill-disguised curiosity.

"Yes, I do know him!" said Mr. Kurtz: "he resided a long time in my village; his name is Beze; he is a carpenter, an odd sort of a man, who thinks but little of the things of this life. Some time ago, when the organ of our church lost its sound, the committee resolved to get a new one. Your guest, Beze, soon came and offered his services; he undertook to construct the organ alone, at his own expense; he demanded only the materials: his air was that of one who perfectly understood his business; and his offer being, on the whole, very reasonable, it was accepted. He then set to work; made and re-made many things; exerted all the powers of his mind and body, night and day; he neglected his meals, so ardently did he apply himself to his task. At length it was finished. The organ resounded throughout the church. No one had ever heard anything half so beautiful. People came from all parts to admire this masterpiece of art; every person of rank in the neighborhood hastened to see it; and the villagers were all

in anxious expectation. Beze, in the mean time, explained to us the mechanism of his instrument; he entered into the most minute details, and clearly proved all his propositions. Soon, however, the old organist of the parish, who was quite beside himself with joy, rushed from the crowd, impatient to show us what he could do on the beautiful new instrument; but the instrument, alas! refused to sound! Then a thousand bitter sarcasms were showered on the unfortunate artificer; and, with one voice, his organ was condemned. There was a great tumult in the church. Beze, however, was not intimidated by it. He went out, casting an ironical look around, as if he had produced a master-piece of art, whose merits we are too ignorant to appreciate. Such, my dear friend, is the illustrious guest whom you have received into your house."

Thus spoke Mr. Kurtz. I know not what more he might have said, for I could not stay any longer to hear my friend spoken of in that manner. I went to seek him in the garden, and found him sitting on the grass, in his usual place, under the shade of an old apple-tree.

When he saw me, he beckoned me towards him. "Look," said he, with a voice of deep emotion, "look at the sun, setting in all his splendor; the least cloud may obscure the brightness of his glory; so it is with the man of genius; the prejudices of an ignoramus may, for a while, tarnish his fame, but the first breeze dispels the cloud."

I was much struck with these melancholy words, and strove to cheer my friend. "Oh!" said he to me, "I fear nothing; my mind can no longer be distracted by the vulgar. I know very well that it is no easy matter to succeed all at once; and that anticipation is everything in this world; all attempts at perfection are sure to be repulsed by men at first; but I am convinced that, under God, time sets all to rights. That beautiful organ which I built, that great work of my hands, possesses a soul; but a man must be found who can awake that sleeping spirit; it is but the story of Alexander's horse, which no one could mount but Alexander." —And when it grew dark, "Come," said he, "come, my son, let us to our violin."

By degrees, however, our town was enlivened by many strangers. The time for the meeting of the musical association being arrived, masters hastened thither in crowds from all parts of the world; and the inhabitants of the country vied with each other in hospitalities worthy of such great names. Music constitutes the pride and happiness of our beloved Germany! Every celebrated musician who arrived was received as if he were a king; the entrance of each was a triumphal procession, formed by ardent admirers, who eagerly crowded to behold and to applaud them. We hastened to the spot by which these great masters were to pass, that we might see them, and add our voices to the general shout of welcome. We saw all the celebrated professors arrive, one after the other; Grawn, that inexhaustible genius, whose productions were original, because from the heart; Fursch, and Hass, his two faithful companions; the young Gassman, whose future glory Germany already anticipated; and then a courier from Gluck, whose involuntary absence from this reunion of the arts, was deplored by him in a letter to his pupils, breathing the most ardent wishes for the success of German art.

These great professors had all the simplicity which ever marks true genius; their meetings

were held in public, and were open to all. I, timid as I was, could not absent myself; I glided between the tables, and seated myself in an obscure corner, and there, for whole hours, I listened, as, alternately, they spoke of the art to which their lives were devoted, with my eyes fixed on their nobly intellectual countenances. Occasionally these great men interrupted their conversation, to pass around some old German wine, which made glad their hearts.

One evening, when they were all assembled, and I was at my usual post, listening to them, their conversation happened to turn on the stranger. Each told what he knew of this musician, who so mysteriously endeavored to escape notice.

"It shall never be said," exclaimed Grawn, "that we did not recognize a man of genius, who shrinks from notice. My friends, we will insist on his coming to make one amongst us; he shall take his glass with us, and partake of all our social pleasures."

Then I quietly advanced into the middle of the group. "My masters," said I, meekly, "the man of whom you speak, is indeed a true genius; but vain will be your invitation; he will not come."

All repeated in astonishment, "He will not come!" then overwhelmed me with questions, and listened attentively to my answers. I related to them the history of the organ in the neighboring village; how no person was able to play it; and how unutterably this failure affected my poor friend.

When the masters heard this account they were seized with intense interest. "My friends," said Grawn, "as to-morrow will be Sunday, let us go early in the morning to examine this organ, which refuses to sound; that will be a strange instrument that will resist the united efforts of so many professors!"

At these words, Hass and Fursch rapturously applauded them. Léléman added, that he would consider on the means of inducing the mysterious workman to meet them in the organ-loft; but the young Gassman exclaimed, with a deep sigh, "My friends, there is one man in the world who could produce sounds from stones. Oh! where art thou, *Emmanuel Bach*, our divine master!"

On retiring, the party renewed their promises of meeting in the organ-loft the next day.

The following morning dawned in full beauty; the sun was rising over the little church that contained the organ, when two pedestrians entered the building by the door of the cemetery. One of these men was in the prime of life; his high forehead denoted deep thoughtfulness, and his large blue eyes shone forth with radiance; his companion was a gay, good-humored looking man, with a very jovial face.

"Master," said he, "why do you thus stop on your route! the meeting of the great professors will be over before you arrive."

"Let us go in, my child," replied he; "do you not remember that a traveller told us yesterday of a mysterious organ in this little church, that cannot be played! That traveller called the organ the work of a madman; perhaps Heaven has sent me to prove it to be the production of a genius. You offer up your morning prayer; it may be I shall accompany it on this organ; implore a blessing on it, and on all here below."

The master seated himself before the organ; soon the little church was crowded by the pious

worshippers, who came to early service. The great masters, faithful to the appointment they had made the previous evening, entered the building, and, as the priest ascended the altar, they knelt in prayer. Suddenly, a sound, as if from heaven, made the little church reëcho; the most divine, the most harmonious melody was produced from the hitherto silent organ. Had the worshippers heard an angel, they could not have been more amazed. Each of the masters raised his head, anxious to discover which one among them had gone to play the organ, and were confounded at seeing all kneeling in their places. The priest himself was seized with secret fear. Meanwhile the organ, touched by an inspired genius, was alternately grave, sublime, melancholy, impassioned, and plaintive; now flute-like; now thunder itself; now praises to God; now terror to man. All listened, admired, and remained prostrate.

In that crowd, one man alone stood erect; it was the stranger. He was near the altar, leaning against a pillar; he looked up at the organ, his now living work; or, rather, he looked up to heaven. At last, then, his great thought was given to the world; at last there was full revelation. He wept not, he prayed not; he believed himself the sport of a dream; he was the happiest of all that happy excited throng. When he saw that all eyes were fixed on him with admiration, he went out of the church with hasty steps, and the service continued.

When service was over, the masters pressed towards the organ, to ascertain who the angel was that had called it into life. The door opened, and with one voice they exclaimed, "Emmanuel Bach!—Emmanuel Bach!"

It was indeed Emmanuel Bach. "Good morning, my friends," said he; "you see your brother arrived; but where is the man of genius who has made this organ! Where is he, that I may embrace

him, or, rather, that I may throw myself at his feet!"

The professors answered, that he was some invisible being. "But come, dear master," said they, "come and breakfast with us at the sign of St. Cecilia."

In the evening, Emmanuel Bach, and Grawn, walked in my father's garden. Eagerly did they seek the stranger. At length they found him under his favorite tree; but, oh heavens! in what a state! My poor friend's head was reclining against the tree; his eyes were still open, vaguely seeking the last rays of the setting sun; his hands were extended on his knees, and his fingers moved, as if about to play the organ; and the palpitation of his heart alone announced that he yet lived.

I flung myself on my knees before my friend; Emmanuel Bach did the same, while Grawn supported his head. We called him; he opened his eyes, and perceiving the strangers, exclaimed, "Ah! you are here, my masters! * * * * Ah! you are here, Emmanuel Bach! * * * * You! * * * * this morning * * * * Oh! pardon me, if I do not treat you with all due respect; * * * * it is all over * * * * this sudden happiness has killed me * * * * the sound of my beautiful organ was my death knell—I am dying!"

The two masters placed themselves at each side of the poor mechanic. "Yes," said he, "I can die now, with Grawn at my left, Emmanuel Bach at my right." Then turning towards me, he extended his hand—"Adieu, my son," said he; "you, my masters, bless me!"

With the last ray of the setting sun, the soul of my friend departed. The sweet twilight cast a silvery shade over that noble countenance! It seemed as if all nature were hushed into silence, to listen to the few strains of a simple melody, in which was exhaled the last breath of the stranger.

LETTER FROM CAPTAIN E. TO LORD H. F.

AND are you in love, my dear Harry?

And can your last letter be true?

And are you intending to marry?

Alas! what these women can do!

Can you give up the pleasures of flirting?

Can you turn from your club and cigar?

All the world for Miss Stanley deserting?

What fools some young officers are!

Oh! pause e'er too late to recover!

Oh! put not the noose o'er your head!

Don't you find it a bore as a lover?

Think, think what 't will be if you wed!

Then listen, dear Hal, with attention,

And though you may love and admire,

If she's one of the *ifs* that I mention,

Dear Hal, make your bow, and retire.

If you find that she can't darn a stocking,

If she can't make a shirt or a pie;

If she says, "Oh law!"—"mercy!"—"how shocking!"

If she ever drinks beer on the sly;

If soon of the country she's weary;

If politics e'er are her theme;

If she talks about "Herschell's nice theory,"

And "Lardner's dear book upon steam;"

If she wears leather shoes and poke bonnets;

If she gums down her hair on her cheeks;

If she copies out essays and sonnets;

If she blushes whenever she speaks;

If she leaps a high gate on a hunter;

If she sighs when she looks at the moon;

If she talks about "Carson" and "Gunter;"

If she sings the least bit out of tune;

If she crosses her legs or her letters;

If you've seen her drink three cups of tea;

If she don't like your greyhounds and setters;

If she's sick when she goes on the sea;

If she seems the least bit of a scolder;

If her manners have any pretence;

If her gown does not cover her shoulder;

If her bustle is very immense;

If she's nervous, or bilious, or sickly;

If she likes to have breakfast in bed;

If she can't take a hint from you quickly;

If her nose has the least tinge of red;

If she screams when she's told she's in danger;

If she seems a coquette, or a flirt;

If she'll *polk* or gallop with a stranger;

If she's stupid, or if she is pert.

If she's one of these *ifs*, my dear Harry,

Oh, sever the chain she has bound!

That it's very unpleasant to marry,

Both Caudle and Socrates found;

A wife is a wretched invention,

And, oh, *not* a matter of course!

Shall I have one?—that's not my intention;

(Unless the girls take me by force.)

Sharpe's Magazine.

ALAS, POOR NORRY!—The destitution, sufferings, and anguish of the sons and daughters of poor, starving Ireland, were they fully known, would soften the hardest heart. The following unfolds a brief tale of sorrow:

*Drumovane, Parish of Morah, }
Cork Co., April 13, 1847. }*

DEAR CHARLES:—I have sent my daughter Norry to America, though I had more than enough to do to make up as much as would defray her expenses to Quebec. I could not send any more of my family, as the times have brought us down so low that we are hardly able to exist. There is plague and famine in Ireland. We would all leave our wretched country for America if we could. I hope you will send for Norry when she sends you this letter. I have written to ——— for assistance, and hope that you will not let us starve here."

Poor "Norry," who had reached this city, died of ship-fever in our alms-house on Saturday. Mr. Morgan found the letter from which the foregoing extract was taken, with another, from her father, among her scanty effects.—*Albany Eve. Journal.*

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

FROM MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS our supply this week is very large. HISTORY OF THE CONQUEST OF PERU, with a Preliminary View of the Civilization of the Incas. By William H. Prescott. [These two handsome volumes are reviewed in an article copied from one of the London journals.]

WRITINGS OF GEORGE WASHINGTON, vols. 3 and 4.

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND, No. 25.

THE BOY'S SUMMER BOOK. By Thomas Miller. With 36 Illustrations. [This is a very beautiful volume, and is sold for 37 cents. It will be a desirable present for the rising generation.]

FROM MESSRS. WILEY & PUTNAM we have the third and fourth parts of GOETHE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY; being Nos. 98 and 99 of their Library of Choice Reading.

ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENT.—MESSRS. C. S. Francis & Co., New York, and J. H. Francis, Boston, have begun the publication of a very handsome edition of the "Thousand and one Nights." No good American edition of this work, to our knowledge, has as yet been published, and it has been difficult to find it except in the very expensive illustrated French or English editions. The first part of this edition has appeared illustrated by large engravings and wood cuts. It is to be complete in six parts; price 37½ cents a number. This translation is by Rev. Edward Foster, and contains an explanatory and historical introduction by G. M. Bussey. The whole edition is carefully revised and corrected, with additions, amendments and illustrative notes taken from the work of E. W. Lane. The republication of these fascinating stories in so good and cheap a form will be very acceptable to the community.—*Daily Advertiser.*

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